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LECTURES ON PALESTINE.—No. 3.

MOUNT HERMON AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD.

MOUNT HERMON is mentioned in the fifth book of Moses (Deut. iii. 8; iv. 48) as the northern limit of the conquests¹ of Israel in the land of the Amorites. In the wars of Joshua, the tribes of Reuben and Gad received "all Mount Hermon" as their share of the subjugated region. More than one of the Psalms alludes to this mountain, to its dews, to its place and stature. Some confusion concerning the reference to its "dews" is caused, indeed, by the application of its name to a smaller hill, south of the Sea of Galilee; and the comparison seems more appropriate in the case of this latter. It is coupled with "Tabor" in another place; and the position of "little Hermon" makes the union of the two, in the Hebrew song, very natural. As early as the time of Jerome, the Hermon of the Psalms was considered to be the Hermon of the plains of Esdraelon. The latest authorities reject the tradition of the monks, and restore to the great mountain which finishes the chain of Antilibanus all the honors of the name of Hermon.

This noble mountain is the chief landmark of Palestine. It can be seen for miles, from every part of the country. It is visible from the summit of Carmel, from the plain of Jericho, and from the hills around Jerusalem. Jesus, in the summer-morning walks of his childhood, must have often looked off, from the cliffs above

Nazareth, upon the great snowy cone which breaks the sunrise far in the north-east. Paul, journeying to Damascus, must have had, all along his way, the excitement of its stern beauty to nerve his desperate purpose. Herod the Great built his northern capital under its shadow. And around its base are still cities of refuge, as there have been for twenty centuries. The fountains of the sacred river break from its sides. It stands sentinel at the head of that valley which holds the lake of Galilee, the stream of Jordan, and the sea of Sodom.

The Arabic name of the snowy mountain is "Jebel-es-Sheikh." Why it should have received this name — whether on account of its commanding position, making it among other mountains what a Sheikh is among his retainers, or because some distinguished native ruler lived or was buried there — cannot be decided. In height, it is more than eleven thousand feet above the sea-level, nearly equal to the Jungfrau or Mont Blanc. On its northern side, it is joined to the range of Antilibanus, though vastly higher than any other summit of the range. On the southern side, it divides, sending out two spurs, like a fork, to the east and west, between which are enclosed the marshes and waters of Merom. In the eastern spur, which is called Mount "Heish," are the towns of Banias and Bethsaida, with very numerous ruins of ancient cities and temples. In the western spur, the sacred Jewish town of Saphet overlooks, from its lofty site, the province of Galilee. Directly at the foot of the mountain, near the modern village of Tell el Kadi, where the principal source of the Jordan bursts from the rock, was the place of the old city "Dan," coupled in the Hebrew story, and in modern proverbial speech, with "Beersheba," to signify completeness. Through a narrow valley, almost a ravine, the rushing river of Hasbeya may be followed up to the town of the same name, famous both in the Druse and Christian history of Syria, which stands on the mountain-side, just where the crags of rock begin to baffle the husbandman's skill.

The fountain of Hasbeya is the northernmost source of the waters of Palestine. It springs directly from the ground, in such volume as to form at once a considerable stream, which the fanciful masonry of ancient ages has turned to a cascade. It becomes, after running a few rods, large enough to be crossed by an arched bridge; and a few miles below, after receiving the melting snows

from the mountain, its waters are broad enough and deep enough to be called a river. The situation of the town just above it is exceedingly picturesque. A tall, solitary minaret, from which now the muezzin no longer cries, shoots up from the midst of white domes and low towers, which stand in relief from the side of the mountain. On the open lawn before the village, groups of soldiers with their caparisoned horses, and Bedouins with their laden camels, lounge the day away. A few trees — cypresses above the graves, and planes around the fountain — soften the ruggedness of the landscape; and the rush of the waters disturbs what would otherwise be a deathlike stillness. In the town, there are no longer any resident Moslems. A few come for purposes of trade, and occasionally a Pasha stops here on his way to Damascus, or a tax-gatherer seeks the proportion of "miri" due to the Porte. Of the five thousand inhabitants, three-fifths are Druses and the remainder are Christians, mostly of the Greek Catholic Church. Here there is a Protestant Church, the origin of which is somewhat singular. A missionary, on his way to Damascus, chanced to preach there, and so awakened the curiosity of some intelligent men who heard him, that they procured copies of the Scriptures, defied government prohibitions, secured at last a sort of toleration, and have now, after the lapse of a score of years, a church of two hundred members. The favor extended to them is shared by the American missionaries, who have also here one of their stations, and a small society of about thirty converts. Hasbeya is probably the only place in the East where a Protestant movement has gone on spontaneously, unaided by foreign contributions. The people of themselves accomplished in a few months as much as the English and American Boards in as many years.

Banias, which lies at the foot of Mount Hermon on the southeast, though now a decayed and dilapidated town, with an indolent and wretched population, has, to a Christian traveller, more historical interest than Hasbeya. Here is the fountain which has been always regarded by Christians as the beginning of the Jordan. It issues from a fissure in the rock, at the extremity of a small grotto, spouting up with a force and a grace which the artificial fountains of Europe hardly excel. Both the grotto and the rock above it seem to have been visited as a shrine from the earliest ages. The modern name of the town is a corruption of the

title which indicated the heathen worship of the grotto. When Josephus wrote, Pan, the sylvan god, had fixed the name of this locality, his rites were celebrated in the grove by the banks of the stream, and his altars were carved on the face of the cliff. I saw, on a tablet in one of the niches, a mutilated Greek inscription, with the words on it, "ιερεὺς θεοῦ Πανός," "Priest of the god Pan," which seems to have been the signature of a longer dedication of the altar, and the statue which once stood above it, to some great man of that day, perhaps to the emperor. No less than four of such niches — one of them in the grotto, and the rest on the flat surface of the rock — are still to be counted.

This "Panion" seems not to have lost its sanctity when the Pagan yielded to the Christian worship, and this in turn to the Moslem. In the early Christian ages, there was a convent here to St. George, the patron saint of the East; in the construction of which, the ruins of the temple which Herod the Great built in honor of Augustus were turned to sacred uses. The successor to this is a small mosque, on the top of the rock, where Mahometan travellers, on their way from Damascus to Jerusalem, return their thanks to Allah, when they have taken their first draught of the "holy water;" for such pious Moslems consider the Jordan to be. It is a curious fact, that the sacred places of the Hebrews, and, to some extent, of the Christians, are as reverently regarded by the followers of the Prophet as by the credulous pilgrims who make journeys over sea and land to touch and adore them. The Moslems claim the sole right to guard the tombs of the Jewish prophets. They know, and they keep unprofaned, the tomb of Moses, whose burial-place the writer in the Pentateuch declares to be unknown. The tomb of David is their mosque on Mount Zion. The tomb of Samuel crowns the point of the highest hill of Judea, which no Christian feet may stand upon. The spot of the Saviour's ascension is marked by a slender minaret, from the balcony of which the summons to prayer is daily given. When a pious Turk descends to the spring which Elisha purified, or to the ford in the Jordan where Jesus was baptized, or to the well where Mary once filled her jars, he fails not to drink of the sacred water. And here, at the source of the Jordan, he has adopted even that valiant knight of the cross, whose conflicts with the arch-fiend are symbolized in a thousand Christian chapels, and pays his quiet

worship to "Nebi Khouder," which is, being translated, "the prophet George."

The inhabitants here believe, and indeed Josephus mentions the theory as current in his days, that the fountain of Banias gets its waters from the Lake Phiala, which is a beautiful basin in the mountains, some half-dozen miles to the south-east of the town. They tell of experiments made to prove this; how a ball of wood, flung into the lake, appeared, after a considerable time, at the mouth of the fountain; but this is undoubtedly another version of Josephus's story, that the tetrarch Philip had chaff thrown into the waters of the lake, which was discovered again at the grotto. The theory gains plausibility from the force with which the water breaks forth, greater than that which is usual in simple springs, and such as might be caused by the pressure of a reservoir, at a height some hundred feet above. It would be pleasant to adopt such a theory, to believe that the flow of the Jordan were supplied from a source so lofty, so pure, and so perennial, so perfect in its rounded form, and so undisturbed in its placid stillness. Its shining, transparent disk is the last beautiful thing that the traveller sees from the summit of the ridge which divides the land of the Scriptures from the land of the Arabian romance; and it sends to his memory all the sacred legends which he has followed through the valley of the river, and by the Galilean Sea, — the miracles, the parables, the calling of the disciples, the traditions of ages of monastic piety and of ages of pilgrim enthusiasm. The sun, which has risen for him across the same waters above Mount Nebo and the hills of the Gadarenes, throws back its last gleam from the surface of this Lake Phiala.

The town of Banias first comes into historical notice in the reign of Herod the Great. It received from him, or from his successor Philip the Tetrarch, the name of Cæsarea, in compliment to the Roman emperor. The district around it shared this general name, and to this district our Saviour's ministry extended. Here he had that memorable conversation with Peter and the disciples, which is claimed as the divine foundation of the Church of Rome. Before the destruction of Jerusalem, Cæsarea Philippi had become one of the chief cities of the Holy Land. The emperors favored it. Its romantic situation made it a delightful summer retreat; at once safe, salubrious, and convenient for sports of the field and the forest. King Agrippa flattered his imperial

master by changing the name of the enlarged city to Neronias. Vespasian, on his expedition to Judea, changed his quarters from Cæsarea of the shore to Cæsarea of the hills, and was there, with his whole army, refreshed and feasted for twenty days by the same Jewish parasite ruler. Titus, victor at Jerusalem, chose the northern capital of the land for the celebration of his triumph; and the sports which he here allowed stain with cruelty the fame of his clemency. The captive Jews were made to fight with wild beasts, and, when these were wanting, to fight with each other; and, in that way, great numbers were murdered. After the departure of the Jews, the city became soon a Christian possession; resumed its ancient name; grew to the station of a bishopric; was represented in the famous Council of Nice, where the Arian faith was voted heretical, and the equally important Council of Chalcedon, where the doctrine of Christ's double nature was voted orthodox; and was an early prize of the Arabic invasion.

How the Saracens regarded Banias is seen in the magnificent ruin which covers the crest of the hill, just east of the town. This great castle has a circumference of more than a mile; its walls are ten feet in thickness; round towers at intervals flank and adorn its sides; in the area are ruins of barracks, houses, wells, and all the appliances of a huge citadel. Its position seems as impregnable as that of Quebec or Gibraltar; and every point which nature had left undefended seems to have been cared for by art. Yet the army of the Crusaders found means to possess it. Their arms and their gold together procured them entrance; and, though repeatedly driven off by the Moslems, they kept substantial hold of it for a period of more than thirty years, until the warlike Damascus Sultan, Nouvaddin, finally expelled them. In the later crusades, the Christians succeeded more than once in entering the city, but were not able again to reach or pass the castle-gate. Now the enclosure is visited only by an occasional passing traveller, who has patience to climb the long rocky path, and by the shepherds of the mountain, who gather their flocks by night into the ruined stables and chambers. From the western wall, there is a glorious prospect of the mountains of Galilee and the valley of the Upper Jordan.

Marks of the former greatness of Cæsarea lie scattered about among the houses of the modern village. Huge blocks of granite,

the bases of arched bridges across the stream, fallen columns, fragments of walls, bits of marble, here and there portions of the symmetric ancient pavement, tell what the city was in the days of its pride. Now the remnant of its scanty population, in all not more than a thousand, wait upon the pleasure of the Governor of Hasbeya, and carry on, with that town, a pitiful trade in the products of the soil. A few are Christians of the lowest class; but most remain true to the Moslem faith, in spite of their frequent intercourse with Franks, who rest here usually for a little while, on their way to Damascus.

About four miles west of Banias is another fountain, springing directly from the plain, which bears the name of "Tell el Kadi." Two streams here join themselves together, and break through a thicket of bushes in a rivulet forty feet wide. The force and volume of the waters is such that travellers are compelled to pass around their source, and not attempt to ford them. Here is the spot which the Bedouins of the valley mark as the beginning of the Jordan. In the neighborhood, there are ruins which may have belonged to the ancient city of "Dan." This city is mentioned as early as the time of Abraham. We read that he pursued the confederate kings who had carried away captive his brother Lot, as far as Dan, and destroyed them on the plain toward Damascus. Moses saw this, as the last point beyond Gilead, when the Lord, from Pisgah, gave him a parting vision of the promised land. In the book of Joshua, we learn that the ancient name of the city was "Leshem," and that it became Dan only when the sons of the tribe of Dan had conquered it; which story is repeated in the book of Judges, calling instead "Laish," as the primitive name. That the city was conspicuous in the day of the Hebrew monarchy is proved by the fact that Jeroboam placed in it one of the two golden calves which he caused to be made to hinder the people from going to Jerusalem to worship, and so returning in their loyalty to Judea. Several of the prophets bring it into their predictions. Some, indeed, — among others St. Jerome, who was undoubtedly acquainted with the region, — attempt to derive the name of the Jordan from this city, dividing it into two syllables, "Jor" and "Dan," meaning the river of Dan. But this interpretation is arbitrary and fanciful, and without value, when one considers that the name Jordan is the same as the Hebrew word "Jarden," which means "the descending

river," or, as some have it, "the river of judgment." Modern history takes no account of Dan; and it seems to have disappeared as effectually as the Jewish towns of Galilee, mentioned by our Saviour in his prophecy.

A few miles below the site of Dan, the valley of the Jordan widens to an oblong basin, in the centre of which is the Lake Houlé, which is called by Josephus, "Lake Samochonitis," and, in Scripture, "the waters of Merom." One of the greatest of Joshua's battles was fought upon the shore of this lake. The kings of the Amorites and Hittites and Perizzites and Jebusites and Hivites joined here their camp against Israel, with hosts "as the sands upon the sea-shore in multitude, and horses and chariots very many;" and here, on the morrow, they were overthrown by the Hebrew "people of war." The neighborhood of this lake must have always been a place of great resort. Below it is the legendary spot of the ford of Jacob, where the patriarch is said to have crossed the Jordan on his return from dwelling with Laban in Mesopotamia. A substantial stone bridge retains his memory in its name; and robbers wait here to plunder caravans as they pass. The soil of the basin, only a small part of which is flowed by the waters, is rich and damp. Half of it is marsh, covered by a luxuriant growth of reeds and rushes, with pastures of rank grass intermingled. The treacherous nature of the ground makes it dangerous to approach close to the edge of the lake; but the stories of wild boars and tigers, which are believed to inhabit still this jungle, must be taken with great reservations. There is a tradition among the natives that this was once a great hunting-ground, honored not only with the adventures of Hebrew Nimrods, but with the retinues of Damascus caliphs, in the season of sporting. At present, the basin belongs to the tribes of Bedouins, whose black tents along the western hillsides are numerous enough to be called villages. When a stranger rides by, they take occasion to display their splendid horsemanship, their skill with the gun and lance, and their great physical strength. Fortunately, they are held in check by the Turkish soldiers, who avail themselves of the rich pasturages to spend in a quiet encampment here the usual season of travel.

The scene on a spring afternoon, in the basin of El Houle, is most striking and picturesque. You are shut in, on all sides, by a circle of hills; clothed, on the east, with dark green forests; on

the west with vines and shrubs, climbing on precipices of rock; and, on the north, rising to the great snow-peak of Mount Hermon. Dotting the plain, at intervals, as far as the eye can see, are the white tents of the soldiers, with their noble horses feeding around them. At the foot of the hills, a few lazy ploughmen are urging their awkward buffaloes, and more awkward instruments, through the heavy soil. From a fissure in the north-east corner of the valley, a caravan of camels seem to slip down the side of the mountain. Veiled Arab women are filling their jars at the numerous canals, and balancing them back to the tents. In one place, a group of impish children are sporting like insects in the sun. In another, the horsemen are flying over the turf, in their perilous race, brandishing their spears in mimic battle. The beauty of association lends its aid to the beauty of the hour. In the south-east, just above the margin of the Jordan, are the ruins of that Bethsaida where the blind man was healed by Jesus, and where probably the five thousand were miraculously fed. There, the tetrarch Philip died and was buried. In the west, on the mountain just above you, was Kedesh, familiar in the story of Deborah, a city given to the Levites, and assigned as one of the six cities of refuge for the criminal flying from the avenger of blood. In the far south-west, high up on the hills of Galilee, is Saphet, one of the four Jewish sacred cities, which is supposed to have given our Saviour the illustration of "the city upon a hill, which cannot be hid," beautiful for situation as Jerusalem, and almost as famous in the history of the crusading wars. In this valley were the haunts of the Amorites and the Hivites, to whom Abraham first, and Joshua after him, gave battle. Here, Naph-tali, "the hind let loose," and the thousands of Manasseh, received their portion. Here were the resting-places of caravans in their slow journey, of hosts in their march, and of pilgrims in their wayfaring. Here the rulers of the Saviour's day chose their most pleasant retreat. Here Paul passed, on his way to his conversion. Here, from the sacred mountain whose name is the suggestion of brotherly unity, rises the sacred river, in whose waters the Saviour of men was consecrated to his work. Here, as the shepherd divides at evening his sheep from his goats, calling them back from pasture, is renewed the scene of the patriarch at his tent-door. And, as night comes on, the wailing, which follows down the wind from the mountain, like the cries of innu-

merable children, seems to fulfil those words of the last of the Hebrew prophets, of "the mountains and heritage" of the wandering race, "made waste for the dragons of the wilderness."

C. H. B.

THE DOMESTIC MISSIONARY.

"There is no occupation so worthy of an immortal nature as to care for the immortal destiny of others."

SLOWLY wending his way over rocky footpath or tangled hill-side, there might have been seen, early one spring morning, a young man, bearing a ponderous carpet-bag well stored with books. The work in which he was about to engage was a new one, yet he entered upon it with much zeal, and an earnest desire to do good; so he was hopeful even when discouragements seemed to darken his prospects.

While he is crossing the mountain, and threading the forest adjacent to the placid lake on his left hand, let us run back a little distance, and learn something of the past history of the "missionary."

The earlier years of Heman Norton were passed at home, under the fostering and judicious care of pious parents; and, till he had nearly reached manhood, he shared with his father the labors of a farm. But the earnest entreaties of a mother, who it was evident could not long stay with him on earth, caused him to leave home to prepare for college, and afterward for the ministry.

Days were passed in serious thought, and nights in prayer, before he could remove the obstacles he felt stood in the way of his being a faithful and successful teacher; but at last the *resolve was made*, and the blessing of his dying mother received, as he left for an Eastern college.

From the moment he consecrated himself to the "work of an evangelist," Heman began to labor in the harvest-field of the Lord. With his fellow-students he conversed faithfully and kindly, urged their attendance upon religious meetings, and at all times commended the cross of Christ to his fellow-men. He had no enemies; for his gentleness, meekness, and *wisdom* withal, were sure safeguards.

He had only been three months at the Theological Seminary when the sad tidings of his mother's death came to him. She who had been his best friend and kind counsellor was now a glorified spirit in heaven. Her voice was hushed for ever; but its *echoes* could never cease to be heard in his soul. Among strangers, who, while they pitied, could not fully sympathize with him in his affliction, how he longed for the love and the prayers of the absent sorrowing household! But time, sweet restorer of lost comfort, at last smoothed the rough edges of his bitter grief, and he was enabled to continue his studies with more earnestness than ever.

The *first vacation* came. How could he spend it with profit to himself and others? There were some needed to go as missionaries, to carry books for destitute sabbath schools. There were some societies without even these social sabbath gatherings. Why not rouse them from their lethargy, and institute them? Heaven smiled upon his desire, and opened the way for him to be thus useful; and, under the auspices of a society which "loves and takes care of children," Heman left, on a bright spring morning, for new duties and new scenes.

Let us now return to the young traveller, who by this time has crossed the hill-top, and descended into the "valley of a happy land." He had journeyed far, where he heard nought but the gentle murmuring of a woodland stream, or the twitter of birds, till a bend in the road brought him in sight of a low, unpainted tenement near to the dusty road.

How the children peeped at him through the half-open door and broken windows! With what astonishment did they look at his black coat and beaver hat, and how they longed to take a peep into the carpet-bag! One little girl of seven summers ran out to meet him, and then hastened back to her mother, to beg her to leave the bread she was making to talk to the fine gentleman who had brought, she guessed, *presents* for all the family. And so he had, — gifts from our heavenly Father, even words of life and peace.

It was not long before Heman was surrounded by "little folks." One peeped over his shoulder to look at the pictures in the New Testament; another climbed his knee; two sat upon crickets close to his side; while he contrived (in illustration of the old saying, "Where there is a *will*, there is a *way*") to find room for the

baby, who could only say, "papa," in echo to the exclamations of delight which fell from the lips of her brothers and sisters.

Heman need not have looked for any thing but a kind welcome from the dwellers upon this lonely lake-side; for doors opened of themselves, apparently, to his mild and serious face. But it was pleasant to the stranger to meet with cordiality and sympathy from those who had lived so long without the gospel, and the blessed influences of regular preaching. Their Sunday meetings were only held perhaps once a month, and of course there had never been a sabbath school, or books collected for the children; and he who stood up as a "spiritual guide" to these famishing, wandering souls, had grown to middle age among them, with but little education, or preparation for so sacred an office.

How much was there to be done here! With what zeal did Heman labor for the advancement of Christ's kingdom and the salvation of these ignorant people! Thus did he sow the good seed, which, in God's time, brought forth an abundant and precious harvest.

How much happier was our friend, at the end of his vacation, for having thus labored for the good of souls, than had he selfishly passed the hours in gratifying his tastes, or unwisely living only for this world! We are so made, that, to be happy, we must be employed, and *usefully* too. How sweet will it be, in the world above, if we can meet there even *one* redeemed soul, made blessed through our entreaties and prayers! What, then, must be the joy of the faithful servant of Christ, who can welcome to his "Father's house" many spiritual children! The sentiment of a Christian mother, as she listened for the first time to her son's voice from the pulpit, meets with a hearty response in many a pious soul: "If I had *ten sons*, they should *all be preachers of the blessed gospel*."

"Child of God, go forth to labor
In the cause of Christ your Lord:
Toil in love, in gentle meekness,
Leaning on his promised word.
Let your speech, like 'dew on Hermon,'
Gladden all the parched soil:
Work in *faith* where duty calls thee;—
Crowns are won by earnest toil."

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INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

Who has not felt, in some periods of life, an ardent desire to remodel society? It has seemed that we were eking out such a sham existence, our practices being so at variance with our avowed principles, and our whole characters such an impersonation of the very selfishness we were rebuking in others, that, sick at heart, and wearied with our imperfections, in such moments, how have we wished to re-organize ourselves and every thing about us! Our ears have been long enough pained with hearing the narrative of our social, moral, political, and religious evils; and, as if content to acknowledge them, we have sat down despairingly, feeling of how little importance our own individual movement would be to change the aspect for the better. Now, with all deference to the grace of humility, and with all our aversion to self-importance which swells our individuality into too ponderous proportions, we would venture to ask, If everybody reasoned thus, how would the great needed reform be carried forward?

We will instance the recent state of our financial affairs. We are told of the disastrous consequences of trade; that the demands for luxury far exceed all reasonable efforts to gratify them; that our wants are becoming so imperative, and all classes vie so closely with one another in expenditure and show, that bankruptcy, and evils of a more serious character, are clearly deduced from the false position in which multitudes are living. And how readily we assent to this conclusion, without feeling the importance of taking *our* stand to resist such an evil! For example, there is the butterfly attire with which we bedeck our persons, or those entrusted to our charge; the display of rich and gorgeous furniture with which we fill our dwellings; the luxurious viands upon our tables; the costly entertainment of our evening parties; in short, the feeling that we are compelled to follow the common usages of society: and so, rather than be thought eccentric, we plunge into the very excesses to-day which we so condemned but yesterday. We lose our individuality in the mass, forgetting, or winking out of sight, our own criminality in not maintaining a

higher stand of Christian character. We flutter in the brocade, and yet deprecate the taste of those who cannot confine themselves to domestic manufactures; we lament that our importers should be obliged to send our specie abroad to receive in exchange only heaps of silks, embroideries, and broadcloths, and at the same time, without a blush, make inquiry for the very articles, or patiently await their arrival, hoping to obtain something "novel" and "modern," let it cost what it may. Just so with our furniture. Punch truly remarks, we boast of owning our furniture, but, in truth, the furniture owns the man. He instances the fact of his scrupulous regard for it: he cannot travel until it is provided for; and thus he becomes enslaved to a large quantity of tables and chairs. Yet what modern couple would think of commencing housekeeping without a display of foreign taste? And that exhibition, too, is not generally of the most economical and useful, but rather the most expensive and elegant that their means, however limited, can possibly afford. We have heard it urged, as a matter of expediency, that our times demand such an outlay, since thereby one's credit is increased; and so the fictitious show is made to count as a positive reality. Is it any marvel, then, that we so often hear of embezzlements, forgeries, defrauding, and petty thefts, when the system of living under false pretences is so fashionable, nay, more, so necessary, as the inexperienced account it?

Again, — upon the subject of politics: Why should we be shocked at the result of any election? Does not "Twenty-one" deposit his first vote without taking counsel of his seniors? How fluently he talks about "old-fogyism" and "the demands of the times"! He receives a part of the maxim, "Young men for action," but leaves out the concluding part, "Old men for counsel." Indeed, with him, a man is not eligible for office who is far above his majority; and so he spouts loudly at the caucus in favor of a change in our public affairs, — all of which is endorsed by his neighbors "Twenty-three" and "Twenty-five," who consider themselves as really veterans in politics; and, although they may only boast of having paid their poll-tax since their freedom, it never occurs to them but those of their craft are just as capable of sitting in the halls of representatives or the senate-chamber as those whose years of laborious conflict in public life have given them a rich experience; besides that their interests

have been so largely at stake as to demand the most consummate skill to keep in paying dividend order. Plainly, in our opinion, there is too much self-reliance in our young men; they discard too freely the counsel of their fathers, and only ask leave "to pull the wires," leaving "our firm," the senior partners, to foot the bills. We have seen a great deal of this training—we mean an inflated feeling that the young are entitled to the political field, and fairly bound to be on the nominating committees. In too many instances, those who hope for election make favor with such to secure their votes; and, could we look behind the curtain, we might find many seated at a supper-table, *early in the morning*, pledging themselves, over an oyster-stew and a bottle of champagne, to support certain men, without much knowledge of the *measures* they will advocate. In a moral point of view, here is a great evil. The young man thus educated is soon able to advance his sentiments at the caucus-room; he has a waning regard for the wisdom of past leaders; he is vehement in denunciation; knows exactly how questions should be settled that have sorely vexed the most profound statesmen; and, by and by, a kind of deference to his opinion is accorded him; and his seniors leave the field in disgust, rather than manfully assert their opinion in his presence, and convince him, by fair arguments, that, in political action, the most far-sighted policy and unswerving integrity to support the interests of the many, calls out the most acute wisdom and the closest prudence in action. The great moral duty of voters is too often disregarded to serve a party faction; and here we deeply lament there has been too much of the time-serving policy among those whom we would gladly hold up as examples to our younger friends. The idea of a Christian obligation devolving upon every man to take the *right side* in politics is not, we fear, half as much in his thoughts as to take the *popular side*. We know not to what conclusions the new movement in politics will arrive, but we feel a disposition to caution all parties who gain "overwhelming majorities" to be faithful to the trusts committed them; for it is such a dangerous position to feel we have attained absolute sway, that weak, frail humanity needs the strong panoply of a religious guard, that asks higher aid, that it may know duty from self-interest, and upright policy from political preferences. Mark it when

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you will, overwhelming majorities almost always immediately commit some indiscretions which deprive them of their boasted supremacy.

Once more : In the religious field, the same sentiments are rife. There is ill-judged action, occasioned by party-leaders ; short-sighted policy, which shows itself to be in no harmony with universal truths ; and a spirit of dictation which savors of the things of men rather than the things of God. We should do well to remember that men's consciences are not taken by storm, and that the Christian graces are not grafted upon the tree of compulsion. We have lamented over some recent acts of exclusive bigotry, which has deemed it expedient to prohibit the use of churches, that our young men who have taken upon themselves the broad cognomen of " Christian Union " should not be instructed or counselled from their pulpits. It seems to us, this is indeed the culminating point of exclusiveness. We can conceive why, with their views of the heresy of other sects, they may prevent the promulgators of those views from occupying their pulpits ; but it is a new feature to withhold the utterance of the very sentiments they advocate from being proclaimed to those whom they " respect as gentlemen, but cannot acknowledge as Christians." It strikes us, this is not only a discourteous, but an illiberal act, without a parallel. Is it forgotten that even our blessed Master associated with publicans and sinners ? Not that we concede, however, that more of this class belong to our denomination than others. God forbid that such should ever be the fact, as it would be a sad libel upon the faith which relies upon good works as the *result* of right belief, but not as the ground of acceptance hereafter, as is so often thrown upon us. But we would not criminate any particular party for exclusive and short-sighted policy. What we intended to set forth in the very commencement of this article is every one's individual responsibility to be true to his acquaintance with duties in a financial, political, and religious aspect. Let each one feel that he or she can do something, and how soon the whole of society may be leavened ! Riches will not then be used only as a means of self-aggrandizement ; political action will not be an infuriated blustering to elect " our candidate," because he is our nomination, but because he is the best man ; and, above all, religious fanaticism will not close the portals of the church against those it may

account as erring brethren. For we shall all feel that so many infirmities are hanging about ourselves, that we shall only utter the petition of the poet: —

“The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.”

H. S. E.

KATE A TEACHER.

It was a stormy Sunday; not simply a rainy, unpleasant day, but tempestuous. Kate Greenleaf had not once been absent from her post in the Sunday School, and was unwilling to believe it was not possible for her to join her class as usual. She borrowed her mother's India-rubber galoches (then a rare possession), put on her plaid joseph, which protected her dress entirely, — as gowns were not then made to sweep the sidewalk, — and bravely made a sally. “India-rubber overshoes are not such a fine thing, after all,” said Kate to herself. “I do not think much of them, for my part.” Being a world too wide for her little feet, they were continually *shipping a sea*. As no water once in could escape, there was soon a gurgling, squashing sound at every step; and at last one shoe came off, and was left sticking fast in the mud. As poor Kate was endeavoring to rescue it with the tips of her gloved fingers, the wind took advantage of her position, and inverted her umbrella. Her misfortunes gave much diversion to a passing stripling, who defied the storm in his ample camlet cloak and his oilcloth cap. But he presently found his own head shelterless; and Kate, safe at her own threshold, stood laughing in her turn, to see him splashing through the muddy torrent in the gutter, to overtake his floating cap. Just as he regained the sidewalk, the heavy yard-gate flew open, as if on purpose to knock him down. He just escaped it, and passed on unconscious that it had swung within an inch of him; though he looked back on its loud clap against the fence.

“How many dangers almost overtake us, we can never know,” thought Kate, “nor realize at all how much cause we have to be grateful.”

Her mother was not surprised at her return. “But I am

sorry you have taken off your things, Kate. Perhaps you and the cook together might have managed to fasten the great gate, which is flapping, and will be ruined."

"I can see from the window that the hasp has drawn out the staple: so what could we do? My good friend, Mr. Gookin, is coming out at his door, I see. When he gets near enough, I will beckon him, or call to him. But look! he has come over on purpose, with a bit of codline in his hand. I wish he would look up at the window, that we might nod and thank him."

"That would not suit him," said her mother, laughing. "Gookin is an odd man. When he does a kindness to any one, he is always a little ashamed of it, apparently. He would prefer not to be seen doing it. He would growl, if we should mention it, and declare he came because it annoyed him to see any thing so shiftless and absurd as a gate loose in such a wind."

"He means kindly," said Kate; "so his surliness of manner is only amusing."

"He has softened much since I have known him," said Mrs. Greenleaf; "and I am glad I did not advise Margaret not to marry him, as I almost resolved to do."

"I suppose you thought your advice would not be taken," said Kate, laughing.

"I am not so sure. But I had really no right to interfere. He was an honest, well-meaning man; and his temper was as well known to Margaret as to me. Home influences have improved it wonderfully. The loss of his fine little son called forth all the latent tenderness of his nature, and little Margey finds him only too indulgent."

How beautiful is the ministry of little children!" exclaimed Kate.

"But the child must not be spoiled, you know, by their giving up to her in every thing. It is time they thought more about her training; and you must say something to him on the subject."

"Dear me!" said Kate, in dismay.

"He is a sensible man, and you have his confidence."

"Why, he knows I have the child's welfare at heart," said Kate. "He knows I love the little thing."

"Parents must not expect a sabbath-school teacher to do *their* work," said Mrs. Greenleaf. "You cannot even do your own

part with success, if they do not take any pains at all at home."

"Very true," sighed Kate. "How shall I teach her to be conscientious, when they let her do just as she has a mind to do, right or wrong?"

"Before a child's reason is developed, the will of the parent should be a sort of external conscience. If the little child is not taught to obey the parent's will, I do not see how it is to learn to obey the will of God," said Mrs. Greenleaf. "There is no *must* in Margery's life."

"I expect to have a struggle with her ere long," said Kate. "I never had much authority over her; and her reverence for me abates visibly, now she comes in every day, and sees me playing with John and Pet, and dancing and singing about the house, as I cannot help doing. I am surprised every morning that she reads her lesson, which she evidently dislikes. '*I won't*' will come soon; and what then? How shall I make her do it?"

"Tell her it is right to do it, and she *must* do it."

"Of course. And what then?"

"Punish, if necessary."

"Dear me! It cannot be *my* duty."

"Yes, it is."

"Why, mother! I surely can lay down the office of teacher, as to week-day lessons. I assumed it of my own accord."

"Will it be no injury to her to win this battle?"

Kate was silent.

"But I do not mean to dictate to you, my daughter," said Mrs. Greenleaf, taking a book, in order that Kate might think the matter over seriously, instead of arguing on one side of it.

Immediately her mind swung round to the right position. The established relation between her and Margey, so important under the circumstances, — ought not to be subject to a child's caprice. Kate resolved to be patient and faithful and firm and persevering. If she allowed herself to be faint-hearted when the contest began, the shrewd little rebel would be sure to know it.

"But I wish I never had begun with her," she murmured, aloud.

"You do not regret becoming one of the sabbath-school teachers? I hope not."

"Why, no—oh, no! I am always glad, unless when I first wake on a Sunday morning, and feel what an incompetent, feeble laborer I am. Then I think about my class with a quaking heart. I can only pray—often with tears—that what is wrong or mistaken in my example or speech may not harm them; that at least the hour may not be wholly wasted, and that some good may come of it, to each of us, in God's own way, though I may not see it."

"And then your faith is strengthened?"

"I often feel very humble and uneasy all the morning. But my spirits rise the moment I see my class. They give me smiles and loving looks, every one. My heart goes out to meet them; and I quite forget myself very soon, I am so interested in them. Even poor Nance Truman often moves me strongly. You know why she chose me to teach her."

"There are certain things which do not escape from her sieve-like memory. Poor Nancy! She was not always a pauper."

"Oh, do not distress yourself, mamma! I do not know any thing about her former home, but I venture to say she is happier now than ever before. She thinks so, at least. She is a very important person, in her own view, in the house. She loves to tell me what she can do; and, from her own account, she is useful, and valued accordingly."

"Some one has said, (was it Miss Martineau?) that the pleasure we have in being useful to others is God's smile felt in our hearts. I hear that Nance is more good-humored and active than usual, of late. She likes to have the children of the house about her, to read the very juvenile books you pick out for her with them, and tell them about Sunday School. When she comes to the street on errands, two or three of the queer little things are with her; and, in her anxious care over them, she much resembles a hen roaming abroad with her chickens."

"Mother, have you seen Lucy Anne lately?"

Mrs. Greenleaf did not particularly remember. Kate declared she was growing absolutely pretty; her lip having lost its disconsolate hang, and its sullen pout.

Just then there was a stamping noise in the entry; and Lucy Anne's voice was heard, saying, "Hope to be excused coming in at the fore-door, considering—Ah, Miss Kate! we have beat

you for once. Nance and I was there; but you could not ha' got there."

"Come out to the kitchen fire," proposed Kate; though, as she looked at the dripping figure before her, she thought the idea of drying quite hopeless and absurd.

"No, I darsent go no further. I'm a'most as wet as a drowned kitten. The libry was not open to-day. The librarian had the key; and he was too tender to come, I reckon. So I come to get a book, if there is e'er a one I han't read, you can spare. One o' the children is sick; so I've got to go home, though Mrs. Nelson don't expect me till after meeting. Still, now little Hattie's got fond o' me, I can be mother between whiles, you know, better than the cross old cook; and so I thought I would not stay away longer than I could help."

"You are a good girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Greenleaf.

"I wish I was!" said Lucy Anne, shaking her head. "I an't, very, if I try ever so hard. But I am some better, I kind o' think, lately."

"Which should you prefer, — the Clergyman's, Officer's, or Merchant's Widow?" cried Kate, from the library.

"Not being acquainted, can't tell which of the people I like best," said Lucy Anne. "Would you mind if I take 'em all? I'll engage to get them home dry and comfortable."

"Will it not be a temptation to read when you should be otherwise employed?" said Kate.

"Well, I'll leave one. Or, maybe, I shan't find time for more than one of 'em, seeing as there's sickness. Hatty's fractious, and won't let me read, if she knows it. Which is the prettiest? You tell."

"How do you get along with the cook, now-a-days," inquired Kate, while she wrapped up "The Clergyman's Widow," using a stair as a table.

"First rate. You was so anxious I should agree with Nance, it put it into my head to try Abram's way on the cook. It worked all the better, Mrs. Nelson's keeping me more with her, to learn to sew. The cook is a slow coach, and wants a lift when the pinch comes, twenty things to do in a minute. I run and help at the nick of time, instead of being missing and deaf, as I used to be to plague her, you know, when I was *her* servant, not Mrs. Nelson's. And it makes me laugh, she is so civil,

saying (I know it is against the grain), 'Thankee, thankee! I will save you a bit of pie for this.'

"And she does not scold you any more?"

"Oh, yes! she does; I am blown sky-high, twenty times a day. It breaks no bones, though. I can stand it from her, because I don't love *her*."

"Well, but I do not understand that. I can bear any thing best from one I love," said Kate.

"But it does cut when they are unjust to ye! Mrs. Nelson is quick, and blames pretty often when I an't wrong, as I know of. And the children — well, I can't expect they will not do as they're allowed — wipe their feet on me, or any thing. They call me names for the least thing. But, dear Miss Kate," said Lucy Anne, lowering her voice till it was as sweet as Kate's own, "I do try to keep in mind one of those verses you marked in my Bible — do you remember?"

"When he was reviled, he reviled not again," said Kate, with tears in her eyes. Lucy Anne turned hastily round, and departed.

The illness of little Hattie Nelson made Lucy Anne's kind-hearted services so valuable at home, that Mrs. Trimmer lost her watcher. No person could be found willing to take her place; and after one lonely night, in which a miller invaded her taper, and her shaking hand upset all her beverages, the poor old woman announced her willingness to be conveyed to the poor-house. Mrs. Gookin superintended the removal; her husband going over to assist, on pretence of seeing the "piece of work" the silly women-folks would make of it. He grumbled so loudly in behalf of the old nurse, as quite to overpower her own lamentations and complaints. Mrs. Nelson and Kate's mother received her at the door of the room allotted to her, which they had furnished with comforts and conveniences not afforded by the public bounty. It was the policy of those days not to make paupers too comfortable.

The deserted house was sufficiently ruinous to be truly picturesque. Wishing to preserve a sketch of it, as it was probable the town-authorities would take possession, and pull it down immediately, Kate took a position on top of the stone-wall, and began to draw. John and Pet watched her proceedings, with loud wonder that she did not prefer to make a picture of Mrs.

Nelson's handsome brick mansion, with pillared porch, and a row of poplars, like a file of soldiers, in front. Little Margey presently joined the party, though she had been charged to keep house till her mother's return.

A wagon came down the lane with noisy speed. Kate did not turn her head, till a voice, as fine and musical as the trill of a bird, rose above the rattle of the wheels, crying, —

"Stop! stop! There is dear Miss Kate! Do let me say good-bye to her!"

It was Mr. Hammond, and his daughter Helen. The wagon had gone on a little way before the horse could be reined in; so Helen jumped out, and ran back to meet Kate, while Master John, followed by the other children, ran on to admire the horse, and make remarks upon him to Mr. Hammond.

Helen threw her arms around Kate with an eager clasp, at which she blushed the next moment. She could not recede, however, as Kate held her fast, and kissed her. There was a staircase which ran up, outside of the old house, to a long corridor supported on posts. They went up a step or two, and sat down together.

"Dear, dear Miss Kate, I wish you knew all. I don't know how to tell you."

"Where are you going? I see you have a trunk."

"We're going up country, to my grandfather's. But haven't you heard? Has no one spoken of it? Oh, dear!"

"I have heard nothing."

"It is no secret. You will be told, how on the Fourth poor father was led away, and made to drink more than he could bear, — and how —"

"Don't distress yourself to tell me, dear; I can guess," said Kate, tenderly.

Helen sunk her voice to a whisper, and hid her face upon Kate's neck, as she told that in broad daylight he had come staggering through the street, pursued by mocking boys; and that he had been down several times, when Mr. Gookin came and gave him his arm, and got him home at last, and carried him in, and laid him on a sofa, looking, — oh, so dreadfully!

"And I took off his neck-cloth, and washed his face and his hands, and brushed the dirt off from his clothes, and sat by him crying till midnight."

"Dear child!" sobbed Kate. "Did the children see their father?"

"They were playing in the back-yard; Mr. Gookin went to find them, and carried them home with him, and kept them all night."

"And when he came to himself, and found you watching by him —"

"He sat up, and looked around him, and asked, where was his hat? and when I sobbed and cried, and could not answer him, he knew how it had been with him. He was so ashamed that he wanted to die. He felt that he could never hold up his head again in this town."

"And so he is going away," said Kate. "Good comes out of evil, Helen; for this breaks up his connection with your unprincipled uncle."

"My heart would have broke that night; but I thought of you, and how often you have told me to trust in God in the darkest time. I thought this did not come upon father in vengeance, but in mercy. I had hope it would open his eyes."

"And it did?"

"Grandfather is old, and has been wanting us to live with him this long time. But he is a strict man, grandfather is. Father was not willing to be under his eye, as he used to be when a boy. But now he feels different. He'll be glad to be in the old, pious home again. Good-bye, dear Miss Kate."

"But the children, dear, — where are they? I will take care of them, till you send for them."

"Mrs. Gookin offered to, and they are used to her. They were there when my mother was weak and low, and till after she was buried. Oh! I am glad poor mother did not live to — to — see —." A burst of sobs choked Helen's voice.

"Can I do nothing for you?"

"Thank you, Mr. Gookin manages all for father. He will pack all our things, against the team comes down."

"A rough but kind man."

"Why, he made poor father laugh so this morning, — calling him a numscull, and a zany, and an honest fool, that let knaves come round his blind side! He'll see everybody father owes. He will pay none but just claims; and they can't browbeat him, he says. No more they can!"

"Did they oppose your father's going?"

"Uncle threatened the sheriff would stop him. Mr. Gookin dared him do any thing of the sort. They had high words, and father was as white as a sheet. Mr. Gookin said he knew things of uncle that would send him to State's Prison, if they were proved. And he would not let grass grow under his feet till he proved them on him, if he did not let father alone. 'Let Hammond take his own road, and you may follow yours,' says he, — 'a bee-line to the gallows.'"

"I will write you by the children, Helen."

"Oh, that will make me so happy! Father is looking round, — I must run."

"I will go with you, and shake hands with him."

"He could not bear it now."

"One word, then. Is your grandmother living?"

"Alive and well; and so good."

"You will be released from care, then. You will feel yourself a child again. Do not forget to be thankful, when you are happy."

"I shall remember this, and all you ever said to me," said Helen; and they parted.

A FAIRY GIFT.

Two children, crowned with shavings,
Danced round me as I wrote;
Two sweet, but elvish creatures,
And fairy gifts they brought.

"Now, what will *you* have, mother?"
Then checked their dance to hear:
"I ask but *peace*, my children;
You scarce bring that, I fear."

They paused in thought a moment;
The younger bent to earth
The eyes that questioned Willie,
Who slowly chaunted forth, —

"With life and hope departing,
That heavenly peace shall come."
So spoke my baby teachers,
Then fresh their dance begun.

"With life and hope departing,"
No longer strives the soul
For any earth-born object,
For any heavenly goal.

"With life and hope departing,"
Diviner hours begin,
Sweet peace shall come in dying
To every thought of sin!

"With life and hope departing,"
Grant me thy patience, God!
To wait on earth that hour,
To meekly bear thy rod;

To take from lips of children
Thy lessons taught of old;
To gather truth's bright blossoms,
While withered buds enfold.

To bear the hour's trials
In sweet repose of soul,
Ere heavenly vistas open,
Eternal currents roll,

Once yielded to their power,
How little earth will seem,
And hours of deepest anguish
Melt to a bitter dream!

Come back, my elvish dancers;
Sweet peace ye brought indeed,
And heavenly fruit may burden
The boughs of such a seed.

C. W. H. D.

THE PATRIARCHS.

How lived the patriarchs? The question is an eminently suggestive one. Critical acumen may doubt the accuracy, in detail, of the Mosaic account of the creation of the world, — may find much repetition and confusion in the first chapters of Genesis; but we cannot doubt the general accuracy of the statements, as the Hebrew accounts form a centre round which the fables of all other nations naturally group themselves; and there is a freshness, a simplicity, about the patriarchal story which is internal evidence of its truth. We have but a few touches of the picture; but they are so bold and striking, so characteristic, that we dare not doubt the reality of a life such as the world has never since seen. The classics, Theocritus and Virgil, describe the shepherds as silly swains, innocent as their flocks, and not much wiser, — men merely of a class. But nowhere do we find the individuality, the goodness and dignity, of Abraham. If we may so speak, there has always appeared to us a primeval grandeur in Abraham. With his princely train of three hundred armed men and upward, he rushes to the defence of Lot, and, with more than princely dignity, he scorns the reward of the king of Salem. Barrow, in speaking of his generosity to Lot, and his large hospitality, calls him "that fine old gentleman, Abraham." Who, indeed, had such guests as he? for he sat at meat with angels. With a tearful interest, we read over and over again the trial of his faith in the sacrifice of Isaac, the controlled anguish of the father's reply to the simple questions of his son; and we feel that there was a typical reference to the last, greatest sacrifice. Abraham had troubles also in his own household; for he seems to have yielded very unwillingly to Sarah's well-founded jealousy of Hagar: at last, as calmly as he had obeyed the commands of the Deity in the sacrifice of Isaac, so patiently he saw the bond-servant and his son depart.

But we desire to treat the subject in a more orderly manner. The first thing that strikes us in the lives of the patriarchs is their longevity. Many learned men have presumed some inaccuracy in the numbers of the patriarchal years, while others have supposed the solar only lunar years. But we see no good reason for not receiving the Hebrew text as correct. Before the deluge,

there were probably no noxious gases rising from the earth, while the climate was more equable and healthy than at present. And some provision was necessary for a greater increase of population than usual. More than all this, we are ignorant how much we owe to the hereditary wisdom of those around us; in learning, for instance, the laws of gravitation and the elements. The patriarchs had no alphabet, no traditionary wisdom; and, if it took twenty years to learn the lore of the Druids, how much longer must it have taken the antediluvians to acquire the daily experience of life? Before the flood, Methuselah arrived at the greatest age of upwards of nine hundred years; but, after the deluge, when there were three couples to repeople the earth, none of the patriarchs, except Shem, reached the age of five hundred. In the second century after the deluge, none attained two hundred and forty years; and, in the third century, Terah alone arrived at two hundred. It is probable that there were the same relative proportions between the periods of childhood, manhood, and old age, as now. Some have fixed the time of puberty at one hundred years. The only thing by which we can exactly measure these periods is the time of marriage and the birth of the eldest son. Marriages in the East always take place at an early age; but most of the patriarchs were not married until after fifty, as the parents were nearly a hundred before the first child was born. And Abraham, the wisest of the patriarchs, thought it not unwise to marry a second wife at the ripe age of one hundred and forty.

What old men there were in those days, when not more than three generations filled the space between the creation and the flood! We have fancied Methuselah and his compeers interchanging pleasantry and telling stories over a pan of coals in the cool autumn evenings, — such stories as have never been heard since; and the mysterious Adam talking, in awful sorrow, of the past, — Adam, the only man, save one, who ever stood up in innocence before God; and Enoch, the youthful saint, — of whom even then it might be said, "Whom the gods love die young," — walking, in spiritual beauty, with the older patriarchs.

The patriarchs lived thus long; but how lived they?

The first man was a civilized man; for, although Nimrod was a hunter, he was not a savage. The antediluvians at first were a

pastoral people, but not nomadic; for Jabal first introduced living in tents. In the large, lovely plains, and deep, shady valleys of Syria, they found abundant food for their flocks, and plentiful springs of water.

The first dwellings were probably huts, — that is, small houses made of the branches of trees, intertwined, and often plastered with mud. Such houses Jacob built to shelter his cattle during the first winter of his return from Mesopotamia. Such houses Cain probably built when he gathered his relations together in cities.

Architecture, as an art applied to the building of private residences, is of very late cultivation. Indeed, the Romans are the only ancient people who were at all remarkable for the elegance and extent of their houses. Eastern nations have scarcely changed or improved their houses for centuries. Stone was early used by the Jews, and some rare woods; but wood was not common. It appears, therefore, that the houses of patriarchal times must have been of the most primitive character, — mere huts, in fact. Bricks were soon manufactured, as we learn by the building of the tower of Babel. These were made of straw and clay dried in the sun. The ancients did not understand the modern process of baking brick, — an art which was first taught in France. By the Roman law, no building could be built of brick which had not been dried five years, without a penalty.

Tents were early used, even before the patriarchs led a wandering life, as they were of easy construction; being made of skins, or of goat's hair woven by the women. These were probably such as we see now in Arabia, eight or ten feet high, raised on ten or twenty poles. In Arabia, the women's apartment is separated from the men's by a curtain; but we read that Sarah had a tent of her own; and afterwards Leah and Rachel had separate tents, as well as the maid-servants. It is still the custom in the East, as it probably was then, for the patriarch or sheik to pitch his tent, at night, on some good piece of ground, and group the others round him; making, in fact, a little encampment.

The furniture was of the simplest character: — earthen pitchers to draw water, a few utensils for cooking, mats to sleep on, and chests for the camels' furniture, and the dress of the men and women.

Dress always forms a large portion of the property of Eastern nations, where the fashions never change. For thousands of years, the Arab has probably worn the same kind of shirt and cloak, handkerchief for the head, and an additional square shawl. In towns, a pair of drawers and shirt formed, and still forms, the only covering. In Exodus, we read that the cloak of the poor was made of wool, and that this cloak formed the day and night dress. Rebekah had rings of gold for her nose, and bracelets; and we know that Rachel had rings for her ears. Rebekah and her descendants wore also a veil, which was perhaps only the folds of their outer garment drawn over their face. Images, or household gods, were part of the tent furniture, as appears from Laban's and Jacob's history. The women cooked, — as, for instance, Sarah cooked the bread for the angels, — and fed the camels, as we learn from Rebekah. They also, probably, spun and wove. But they must have always held an inferior position, as Lamech early introduced polygamy, and Abraham concubinage.

It appears that Abraham and his son Isaac sent wedding presents to Rebekah; and feasts were common, as we read of that given by Laban on Rachel's marriage; and Rebekah's friends entreated that she might stay with them ten days, probably for gayety, before they departed.

The father thus obtained the bride for the son. What the wedding ceremony was, we do not learn. The Rabbins say the first ceremony consisted of a kiss; but it seems, from the history of Rebekah, that, after the consent of the bride's father and brothers was obtained, she received a blessing, the only form of marriage given.

If Sarah was Abraham's niece, as some assert, she was related to him in the forbidden degrees.

Such marriages were, however, soon prohibited; and marriages of blood-relations ceased to be the custom even after the long bondage in Egypt, where they were more common than among any other people. It is singular that the Jews carried away so few of the Egyptian customs with them; but, from the first, they were a separate people.

Commonly, there was but one wife; but Jacob married two. Her father, however, insisted that Jacob should marry no more. The eldest sister was married first, and the wife had always precedence. The concubines and wife lived together; but, in time

of danger, as in the meeting of Esau and Jacob, the beloved wife was placed in safety; while, at her death, the wife alone shared the tomb of her lord.

The eldest son had the inheritance; as Abraham gave Isaac all that he had, and sent the concubines and their sons, with a present, away. This was given with a blessing; and the blessing of the father had a divine power, however obtained.

The son and his family made a part of the patriarch's household. Over these he exercised an unlimited authority; as he was amenable to no one if he took the life of his son, or sent him away to die, as in the case of Ishmael. From this patriarchal power arose the cruel *patria potestas* of the Romans, by which the son was nothing more than the slave of the father.

The patriarch's household must have been extremely large, as Abraham could arm over three hundred servants. They comprised all kinds of household servants (as Rebekah's nurse is spoken of as an important personage), and all kinds of artificers. So large a family, of course, required a great variety of labor.

There were the nurses, those who cooked the bread, the lentiles that Esau loved; those who cared for the milk and butter that Abraham set before the angels; those who broiled or baked the venison of the hunters, and fermented the wine. There were those who made the jewels of silver and gold, and the raiment, the household furniture and the tents, and the arrows for the hunters; and the earliest accounts mention the workers in brass and iron, and the makers of musical instruments.

The money which Abraham used as a medium of exchange, however rude, instead of barter, was a proof of an advanced civilization.

A trifling remark sometimes betrays the cultivation of this early age, as Abraham's telling Melchizedek that he will not take so much as a thread or shoe-latchet of his goods.

The manner in which nations care for their dead is always a proof of their progress in refinement and morality, and therefore we highly prize the curious account of Abraham's purchase of the burying-ground of Macphelah.

Once again we read of a moneyed purchase of Jacob, — buying the land for the altar El-Elohe-Israel.

Besides his possessions in tents and household goods, and maid and men servants, the patriarch owned cattle, sheep, asses, and

camels. The number of camels show the extent of trade in the East. So ships show the commerce of modern nations. Camels came from the highlands of Asia, and therefore were not an early, or the earliest, method of transportation. From their being reckoned last in the list of Abraham's flocks, on his return from Egypt, we may presume that they were not as numerous as his cattle. Afterwards, they rapidly increased; and, in Jacob's day, they carried spicery, balm, and myrrh down to Egypt.

The extent of the patriarchal flocks may be imagined from the magnificent present that Jacob offered his brother Esau, — two hundred goats, two hundred ewes, and a flock of cattle and camels. There was every inducement to commerce in the abundant natural productions of the East.

In Jacob's day, the soil brought forth an hundred fold for the cultivation. Mention is made of the gopher-wood, oaks, poplar, hazel, and chestnut. And, besides the domestic animals, we read of pigeons and doves, wolves, hinds, and lions. Everywhere there were bountiful springs of water, the warmest nooks for shelter in winter, the coolest retreats from the summer heat. The East is the seat of populous nations and great cities. Here were Tyre and Sidon, Babylon and Nineveh, close by the home of the patriarchs; and no country presented finer sites for cities than Syria. There is not a king in Europe who has so royal a residence as the king of Salem.

The rapid growth of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the increased wickedness of the people, are a proof of the perhaps unseasonable increase of the population.

We have thus cursorily gone over the prominent points of information in the lives of the patriarchs. It is a subject on which we love to dwell; for nowhere do we read such noble, charming biographies in so short a space. What a touching story, as we have before remarked, is that of Abraham's trial of faith! and how sorrowfully we read of the jealousy of Sarah, and Hagar's anguish! What an exquisite picture of primeval courtship is that of Rebekah! and what imagery, what an outflowing of inspiration, in Jacob's blessing of his sons! The unity of character is always maintained. Abraham is always the same good, noble prince; Jacob the shrewd, enduring man of the world. There was an abundance of the wonderful in those days. Then Abraham feasted with angels, and Jacob met the angels of God.

In vain we ask what manner of men they were. Even the Deity manifested himself in some strange way to men.

We are persuaded that the Old Testament is too little read at the present day. Our heroic Puritan fathers made it their constant study. Christ himself came for the fulfilment of the law, as revealed in the Word, and in the lives of the patriarchs and prophets. With heartfelt gratitude, we confess that God has never wanted a witness among men. And once more we would entreat our teachers to make use of every means to interest the young in the study of religion, — means so largely offered them in the Old Testament, — and to obtain fresh strength for themselves in the wells of inspiration gushing there, as well as in the New Testament.

I.

CHARACTER OF REV. DR. FLINT.

BY REV. G. W. BRIGGS.

*Extracts from a Sermon preached at the First Church in Salem, Mass., March 11, 1855, on the Sunday after the death of Rev. James Flint, D.D.**

SINCE we last met in this place, an honored and aged minister, whose friendship some of you especially valued, whose voice many of you have welcomed even from childhood, has gone to his rest. During more than thirty-three years, he was connected with the church which seems to be particularly associated with our own. In the interchanges of ministerial fellowship, and by your own invitation, he has often graced this pulpit by his presence. His hand grasped mine, to express your welcome and his own, when

* Rev. James Flint, D.D., was born at Reading, Mass., Dec. 10, 1779. He graduated at Harvard University in 1802. He was settled in East Bridgewater, Mass., Oct. 29, 1806. He resigned his pastoral charge in East Bridgewater in April, 1821, and was settled in the East Church in Salem, Sept. 19, 1821, where he continued until his death, on March 4, 1855. He preached, for the last time, in the First Church in Salem, Nov. 26, 1854, from the texts, "Unto you who believe he is precious," and "The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and, if he has committed sins, they shall be forgiven him."

The texts of the sermon from which the above extracts are taken were, "Because I live, ye shall live also;" "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

I came among you. And, a little more than three months ago, his last sermons were preached in this desk. Though age and infirmity had laid their burden upon him, still you did not imagine then that the voice which spoke so earnestly concerning "Faith in Jesus," and discoursed so fervently respecting "The Prayer of Faith," would never speak again at the altars which he loved. But his public ministry, which continued almost fifty years, ended *here*. You received his last public counsels, and listened to his last exhortations, and responded to his last prayers. Let us postpone other themes to-day. It is an irresistible impulse of feeling to come repeating the words which our friend repeated so oft amidst his failing strength, — "Because I live, ye shall live also;" "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;" words which came to him, as assisting angels, through long-protracted agonies. Let us follow the line of thought which his departure suggests, and add our simple tribute of respect to those which have already been, and will be, offered to his memory and his life.

"Because I live, ye shall live also;" "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." With these words often upon his dying lips, our departed friend passed on into the world of immortal life. I do not presume to present a picture of his private character, or of his public ministry. Let that work be undertaken by those who enjoyed a more intimate acquaintance with him, and who can sketch the portrait, with loving hands, in the colors of life. I do not propose to utter an indiscriminating eulogy. Let me only notice two or three things, which my own feeling prompts me to say, respecting his ministry and himself.

In his youth, Dr. Flint won high approbation, both for his deportment and his scholarship, from those who had the charge of his education. In a letter which I have received, since his death, from one who was his teacher in Phillips Academy, in Andover, from 1796 to 1798, and who was afterwards tutor of his class at Cambridge, the writer says, "I have no remembrance of a single instance in which he received any reproof, or even a frown, from a teacher or the government, either for delinquency as a scholar, or misconduct as a man." The same writer goes on to say, "It is sufficient for the reputation of Dr. Flint as a scholar, that he held an honorable rank in a class distinguished for so many eminent men as that of 1802." After he entered the pulpit in 1806, he at once became a favorite and attractive

preacher. His reputation as one of the most acceptable preachers in Plymouth County, during his settlement there, remains to this day. The writer from whom I have already quoted says, "My exchanges with him were always welcomed as a blessing." His acceptability in the pulpit at that period was proved by his selection as the preacher at the Pilgrim Anniversary, in Plymouth, in 1815. But it is unnecessary to speak farther respecting his public services to those who have so often heard him in the vigor of his manhood, and who so gladly listened to his voice even to the last hour in which he stood at the public altar.

Dr. Flint was a man of genius. The poetic element of his nature — which has been manifested in occasional hymns and odes, some of which will become classic in our sacred literature — irradiated his discourses, and filled them with a deep sentiment and a winning beauty. He saw things with a poetic eye, and with a religious sensibility; and the warmth of his own feeling often flowed out in his sermons, to enkindle and delight appreciating minds and hearts. His mind did not naturally lead him to systematic and toilsome study. It flashed out, with its fullest light, in moments when some special impulse moved and excited it. Perhaps its power and beauty were never more fully manifested than in hours of conversation with men of kindred mind, whose words quickened intellect, wit, and fancy, to their highest activity. When this inspiration was upon him, he often charmed and electrified those who listened to his words into a forgetfulness of weariness and time. But, if his nature had that tendency to unsystematic activity which is so often seen in those who possess the gift of genius, it had the brilliancy which belongs to genius also, and often scattered its gems of thought and sentiment throughout his compositions. Men of such endowment cannot work by fixed rules. They wait for inspired hours. We often say, "If the tireless activity which is sometimes seen in less gifted natures could be combined with the sensibility of genius, what a steady intellectual splendor we should then behold!" Perhaps the combination is scarcely possible. Perhaps genius would never flash out with such peculiar brightness, if it were subjected to perpetual toil. It is better gratefully to accept the varied gifts which God bestows upon his children, than to dim their lustre, even in our transient thought, by such demands. "One star differeth from another star in glory." Each revolves

in its own orbit, and rays out its own peculiar light to cheer and bless the darkened world.

And now, passing from Dr. Flint's character as a scholar and a public teacher to his character as a Christian and a man, I only wish especially to name a single point. He was a man of fervent, unwavering, ever-trusting, religious faith. His faith was both a conviction and a sentiment. The head and the heart united to give it completeness and permanence and power. Therefore it became "an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast." "It entered into that within the veil." The fluctuations of feeling which attend a nature whose sensibilities are quickly moved, did not disturb its fixed repose. On the mountain heights of joy, or out of the deeps, he cried to the same unchanging love with an equal trust. Thus his religious feeling became spontaneous, gushing up from his heart as from a living well. It was not a forced, unnatural condition of the soul, but the atmosphere of its life. His mind seemed intuitively to perceive the religious aspect of each topic of discourse, and its connection with deep religious thought. He did not, as it appeared to me, use a merely professional mode of speech, which had become habitual in the lapse of years; but he saw, with peculiar clearness, those golden chains which bind every thing, the little and the great alike, to the throne of God. When the heart lives in such a devout sentiment, it can be shaken by no earthly change. Its vision will become more clear as friends and children depart to the unseen land of life. Each new bereavement will seem to open the cloud, to permit the light from the immortal world to shine more clearly upon the sorrowing, yet trusting, soul. How can a spirit so fixed and so serene in trust, fail to find the dark valley brightened by the conscious presence of its Redeemer and its God? Men die in apparent calmness when unsustained by habitual faith. But, when the disciple goes away trusting in his Lord, — when the child departs reposing upon its Father, — then we behold the victory of faith, overcoming pain and fear and death.

I do not stop to make any criticisms upon the character of our departed friend. My own personal acquaintance with him was not sufficiently intimate to qualify me to do so, and I have not been curious to inquire respecting his faults or frailties. As it seems to me most wise to rejoice, with unalloyed thanksgiving, in the intellectual endowments which God has conferred upon our

gifted brothers, without imagining how much greater they might have been if they had possessed still other and nobler talents; so it seems to me most wise, and most Christian also, to remember the excellences of human character, without throwing the shadow of its frailties over its actual virtues. If we hope that evil will be transient and fugitive in the universe of God, let us make it so in our memories of human lives. "Remember not the sins of my youth" is a touching prayer which applies to the whole of the present life, as well as to its early years. Remember not the sins of this infant stage of being, when the spirit, in sincere faith and confirmed hope, goes forward to its heavenly manhood. There the true tendency of the soul, whose development may be partially hindered here, will assume a sovereign sway, and place the impress of its own beauty upon every feature. I do not know how little or how much our departed friend may need such qualifications as these, when we attempt to sketch his character. I only know that every man must need them. I cherish the memory of his rare intellectual gifts, of his undoubting faith. I give thanks for his many virtues, and leave every thing beside to the All-merciful God.

The revered teacher, the cherished friend, has passed on. His life seemed to have a fitting close. If he could have known that it was to be his last service when you last saw him here, he would doubtless have preferred to speak to his own people rather than to you. But what topics for his last discourses could have been more appropriate to his character than "Faith in Jesus as the Son of God," and the "Prayer of Faith"? And what words could have been more fitting, among his last words on earth, than the expressions selected for our text? He clung to both revelations of God with fervent faith,—the revelation in nature, and the revelation through his Son. He rested upon the "Rock of Ages," and upon the "living Corner-stone;" and it was meet that he should go away speaking, while speech remained, of these two pillars of his hope. "Because I live, ye shall live also;" "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." He has passed through the mystery of death. "The dust has been returned to the dust as it was, and the spirit has returned to God who gave it." It is a mysterious journey. We go to the latest step in life, with friends and kindred, and then part from their company without one gleam of vision into the world which they have entered. We

touch the form, at one moment warm with life, with the countenance transfigured by the presence of the soul; at the next, chilled by the frost of death, with the light passing away from the countenance as twilight fades into night. And we know that the mysterious union between the body and the soul has been mysteriously and for ever broken. "The spirit returns to God who gave it." What meaning lurks beneath those words, whose very sound stirs the depths of the human soul? What is the experience of the departing spirit, as its consciousness awakes to the grander scenes of the invisible world, to the nearer presence of the eternal God? What emotions thrill the soul, as it takes that solitary journey, — but a step in length, but an instant in time, and yet carrying it to such a vast remove from us, — that journey from time to eternity, from earth to heaven? What is that eternity so unknown, and yet so near, into whose mysterious gates each soul is so soon to enter? Does the Saviour, with whom the lowly disciple has been walking through all his pilgrimage, though he did not recognize his presence, reveal himself when the scales fall from these earthly eyes, never more to vanish out of sight, but to cause the soul to burn as it enters into the pure love, the unconceived glory, of that heavenly fellowship? Does the Father come at once, when the humble, confessing child would cast itself at his feet, to greet it with the kiss of pardon and acceptance? What answers to life's deepest questions will come when we can "see face to face"? Let Faith kneel in silent trust, and live in childlike confidence. Let it receive the mantle of those who have already ascended from its side; and then, when "the dust returns to the dust as it was," with new and unimagined thrills of joy "the spirit may return to God who gave it."

FUNERAL HYMN ON THE DEATH OF JAMES FLINT, D.D.

BY MRS. S. P. CLAPP.

WITHIN these consecrated courts,
Whose aisles he loved to tread,
We mourn our aged pastor, gone
To join the silent dead.

No more within our earthly homes
His voice our hearts shall move:
In loftier strains he now takes up
His themes of truth and love.

His spirit hath been "clothed upon"
 With angel-vestments bright;
 And mysteries of the earth, unveiled,
 He reads in lines of light.

All pain and sorrow he hath left,
 With mortal dust, below;
 Within the "many-mansioned House"
 He moves, in freedom, now.

"Write," saith the angel of the Lord,
 "Write, Blessed are the dead;" —
 The holy dead, forth into light,
 Through the "dark valley" led!

A SERMON

PREACHED IN THE BULFINCH-STREET CHURCH, MARCH 18, 1855, ON OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF
 REV. FREDERICK T. GRAY,

BY EPHRAIM PEARBODY.

1 TIM. iv. 7, 8: — "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day. And not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

THESE are the words of Paul, as his career drew near its end, to his beloved and youthful follower, Timothy. They are noble words of Christian faith and confidence. But, while they exhibit the great apostle as rejoicing in hope, they also show how the hopes of the future grow out of faithfulness in the past.

The best test of character is fidelity in the work which is given one to do. The work varies with each individual; but every one, through the position in which Providence has cast his lot and the gifts and dispositions with which he is endowed, has an appropriate sphere of labor and duty, in which to serve God, to benefit man, and to be trained for the immortal life. Whether life is in vain or not — whether one shall have God's approval or not — depends on the fidelity with which the duties thus committed to him have been discharged. The aged may pass away, having neglected the work assigned them; and those who die earliest may have performed it. But, when the last hour comes, one great question to every reasonable person must be, not, Have

I said, Lord, Lord? not, Have I been indignant at others' neglect? but, Have I, according to my place and time, done the work which God gave me to do? Have I served God, and been useful to man, according to my opportunity and ability? Happy they, of whom it may at the last hour be declared, They have finished the works given them to do!

The text I have chosen has come to me without my seeking. Before I was invited to join with you in this commemorative service, it had already many times repeated itself in my mind, as the natural utterance of the event which has brought us together. We have met to express, in this imperfect way, our sense of a great public and private loss; to recall and retain before our minds the image of one whom we shall never forget, — your friend and mine, — known, honored, and beloved. To you, during many of the best years of his life, he sustained peculiar and sacred relations. And though the pastoral connection, which had so long subsisted, was terminated before his death, the spiritual bonds, which, through its whole course, had been multiplying and strengthening, were none of them sundered. Especially must this be true with the older members of this church, who had been with him, and joined with him in Christian works, the longest. How many ties bound you to him, whose full strength you were not conscious of until his departure! You remember him, not in this place alone, but in a thousand scenes, quite as holy and far more tender. Some will remember him as he came, with his bright and sympathetic look, to their lonely and desponding sick-chambers, and cheered them by friendly offices and Christian hopes. Some of you took counsel with him in benevolent enterprises for the general good. Some of you labored with him, and denied yourselves for Christian objects, within your own body. There must be young men and young women here, to whom, in some critical and turning point of life, he was the friend who rescued them from peril, or guided them through sore troubles that they knew not how to meet. Many will look back, and say, "His inspiring example roused us to more Christian views of our duty to others." Many will date from his words their awakening to more serious religious purposes. How many who in their fresh childhood, before they could understand how much they owed him, received some of their earliest, deepest, and probably life-long impressions of pious trust

and reverence from his instructions ! While, scattered far and wide throughout the land, are young people, in different walks of life, who, wherever they are, are better members of society, and more conscientious in their duties to God and man, because of his influence on their forming characters. I can well believe that many of your absent ones, who in their distant dwelling-places have read the record of his death, have felt their hearts sink within them at the thought that they should never again behold him who had endeavored to guide them, as the very children of his love, in the paths of religion and virtue. His best funeral sermon is in these unuttered memories of their saddened, but grateful, minds. And may we not believe that some who had caught from him a warmer trust and faith, and who had gone before him, have already welcomed him to holier scenes ?

One whose life bore such fruits did not live in vain. Here were works worth the doing. And to what else but such works was his life devoted ? I doubt not that he had the limitations and infirmities which belong to our common humanity ; and that, had he judged himself, he would, with his sensitive conscience, have recalled neglects, and mingled motives, mistakes, and errors, which, even when unobserved by others, he did not the less regret. But of us, who looked on his daily occupations ; who saw him for years go out and come in before us, and witnessed his course so laborious with good works, — who can recall any thing in his life or words to injure any good cause, or to harm righteousness, justice, or peace ? It is no purpose of mine to deliver an indiscriminate and meaningless eulogy. If we speak of the dead at all, we will endeavor to speak the truth. We will not mock them, or Heaven, or ourselves by false words. But I think that all of us who best knew his prevailing objects and interests must say, that, so far as human eyes could reach, — and can more be said of any one ? — here was a man who sought habitually to do a Christian's duty with a Christian purpose. It was a good man whom you followed to the grave. The earth shall lie gently on a heart which never beat with any thing but love and good-will towards men, and trust in God.

I make no attempt here to give an account of his life. That belongs to another place ; but, did it not, in this city of his birth, and among those with whom he was so intimately associated, it would be superfluous. I shall refer to particular events only so

far as they serve to illustrate the more prominent traits of his character.

He was a native of this city, born in 1804; and here, with a brief exception, was the place of his labors; and here, in a community which loved and honored him for his virtues, he died. In early life, he was trained to business, and, while yet a young man, was entering on a flattering career of success. But his heart was not in such pursuits; his tastes were in another direction; and he left the promises of a large prosperity, to devote himself to labors which had no earthly prizes to offer, but the toil without the reward. He had not the advantage of an early academical culture; but a devoted heart, and a practical knowledge of life, seemed more than to supply its place, and to furnish a better education for the great duties to which he gave himself, than the training of the schools. On entering into the ministry, he became, almost at once, one of the most useful, influential, and respected among his brethren.

Of all the men I have known, there is no one whom I should more quickly select as an example of how much may be done without any peculiar advantages, provided there be a definite purpose of good, and a Christian heart entirely devoted to its accomplishment. It is an example which might be held up as a sufficient answer to those who complain that they would gladly be useful, but have no opportunity; for it would show that a true heart knows how to find and to make opportunities.

There never was a more consistent life. In our departed friend's case, "the child was father of the man;" and his early course is full of instructive lessons, not only because it shows how much depends on a right beginning, but because it was one which might have been taken by any young man. In 1822, he, and three others of like dispositions with himself, associated themselves together for their own religious improvement, and for works of charity among the destitute and neglected. Two of the number are now dead; and two yet remain among us, to give the wisdom of their ripened manhood to the same beneficent labors which awoke the enthusiasm of their youth. They met every week; and, a few friends joining them, before the end of the year they formed a society, which, though destined soon to occupy so prominent and leading a position among the Christian activities of the city, at first was composed of but nine persons. This

society was styled "The Association of Young Men for their own Mutual Improvement, and for the Religious Instruction of the Poor." Their numbers increased. They met regularly at each other's houses, and discussed together, always with a view to some practical action, the great questions of philanthropy and religion; such as the remedies of pauperism, the employment of a missionary, the wants of vagrant children, the diffusion of Christianity abroad, the promotion of peace and temperance, the improvement of prisons, the publication of religious tracts and books, and, in short, whatever subjects had to do with the practical welfare of mankind. Many of these subjects were then comparatively new, and were less understood than now; and this association thus became an important instrumentality in training its members to a more just comprehension of the true conditions of social progress.

The utility of such associations, thus conducted, can hardly be overrated. The immediate good which is done is the least part. Beyond this, the habit of considering and investigating important subjects in this practical way is an admirable discipline for the higher qualities of character. It accustoms the mind to broad and generous views, secures a more extended information respecting the great interests of society, and educates men to take an active, wise, and efficient part in all useful labors. The young men who were united in these meetings were not specially distinguished from a multitude of others; but the habits of thought and action which they were led to form, could not fail of having important consequences. If we were to enumerate those who, since that period, have been at the same time most judicious and most active in promoting the religious and benevolent interests of this city, it would surprise one to find how many of them were trained in this modest society of friends, united for personal religious improvement and social usefulness. A thousand noisier and more proclamatory enterprises have been left by their projectors to perish at the roadside; while the results of this Association remain in our most valuable philanthropic agencies.

The conclusions to which these young men came in their discussions were speedily embodied in action. They almost immediately commenced an evening course of religious lectures, in one of the most exposed parts of the city, for those who had no connection with the regular churches. These were well

attended. Occasionally clergymen officiated ; but, for the most part, the services were conducted by the members of the Association. In connection with the lectures, they opened the Hancock Sunday School, one of the earliest among us, and signally successful. It collected within its influence the poor and neglected children of the neighborhood, and was soon entirely full. Of this school, Mr. Gray was a superintendent. The Association, by degrees, drew into its ranks a large number of members. They became familiar with the wants of the community, and learned to understand better the remedies which were required. As their strength increased, their plans were enlarged. Without entering minutely into the history of subsequent events, after continuing their lectures for more than two years, they found it necessary, for the accomplishment of the good they wished, to have a regular and permanent missionary among the poor. They, however, no longer acted alone. In their attempts to find a suitable person, and afterwards to sustain him, they had the co-operation of the American Unitarian Association, then recently formed. Several candidates took the subject into consideration ; but no one was willing to undertake the office. At length, they learned that Dr. Tuckerman was inclined to enter into this field of service. His mind had already been deeply interested in questions of philanthropy ; and thus, on his side, he found the opening which he desired. He was engaged, and immediately entered on the duties of a minister at large. His first sermon was preached in a large upper chamber which had been a painter's loft, at the junction of Merrimack and Portland Streets, Dec. 2, 1826, — just four years after the formation of the Association with which, at first, he principally acted. At the same time and place, the Howard Sunday School was established, which was equally successful with the Hancock ; numbering, before long, several hundreds of children, although, on the first morning, it had seven teachers and only three scholars.

The energy, enthusiasm, and devotedness of Dr. Tuckerman, and his theories, earnestly set forth, respecting the true mode of meeting pauperism ; the extent to which the character of the mission was formed by his influence ; and the more general sympathy enlisted by him in its behalf, — have identified his name, justly, with the origin of the Ministry at Large.

When this is said, however, it is not meant to be understood,

that, in the great cities of Christendom, the spiritual wants of the poor had been entirely uncared for. It was not a new, though it was an uncommon thing, to have missionaries devoted to their special service. In Boston, there was already at least one such missionary among our Orthodox brethren. But such cases were exceptional, originating in the benevolent impulses of individuals, and dying with them. So far as is known, however, the Ministry at Large was the first systematic attempt to embody in a *permanent institution* the best ideas of the time respecting the true methods of Christian benevolence. It was a great and good work. No better method has as yet been devised to supersede it. It has expanded itself in this city till it has now eight persons regularly employed in its different ministries, and four chapels, with their numberless related and affiliated agencies. Nor is it confined to the place of its birth, but has been adopted in a large number of the principal cities of our own country and of England.

But, while the attention of many had been awakened to the subject of pauperism, and while many contributed to the support of the Ministry at Large, and while we place the name of Dr. Tuckerman in the front rank of the great benefactors of modern society, it should be remembered, for the encouragement of modest and humble efforts to do good, that the way had been prepared for him by others. This Association of Young Men had broken the ground; they had, during four years, been ministering to the poor; they were constant co-workers with Dr. Tuckerman, on his right hand and on his left; and the efficiency of his labors depended very much on their zealous co-operation. The charge of sustaining the Ministry at Large at first fell mainly into the hands of the Unitarian Association, by whom it was finally transferred to the Fraternity of Churches. But, whatever collateral supports and aids it may have had, and although, as an institution, it would never have assumed its present form and magnitude except for the influence, the zeal, and labors of its first missionary; it is equally true, I suppose, that, as a matter of history, it was an outgrowth of the Association of Young Men whom I have described. They laid in obscurity the foundations, on which has been built a superstructure fairer than temple or tower; and, without those foundations, the superstructure would not then, nor in that form, have been built.

I have dwelt long on this history; but it shows how much may be accomplished by those who perseveringly and wisely pursue a Christian end; and also because it is necessary in order to show how large is the claim of our departed friend on the respectful and grateful memory of all good men. He did not act alone: but he was one of the four who commenced the Association; he devoted himself to carrying out its ends; he took a large share in providing the evening lectures; he was a superintendent of their first Sunday School; he took a leading part with those who consummated the arrangement with Dr. Tuckerman; and, his heart being constantly more and more engaged in the work, after Mr. Barnard, who had for a time been associated with Dr. Tuckerman, established the Warren-street Chapel, he succeeded them in the ministry which they had held.

His ministry began at the Friend-street Chapel, in October, 1833. But, under his vigorous and judicious administration, the number of worshippers increased, until the chapel could not accommodate them. The Pitt-street Chapel was built; and to this Mr. Gray removed in 1836. After laboring here with signal fidelity and success during some years, he became, at their desire, the minister of the Bulfinch-street Church. With this church he was connected till nearly the time of his death, when he asked a dismission, and was appointed Secretary of the Sunday School Society. In 1853, he visited California for the purpose of ministering, during a year, to a church recently established in San Francisco. With this exception, he has dwelt among you, and been united with you as a Christian minister, during the last fifteen years of his life.

If I were required to select the most prominent characteristic of our friend, I should say, in general, that it was an earnest, ardent, never-faltering *zeal to do good*. I mean more than the words may seem at first, perhaps, to express. His labors of usefulness were not tasks or duties to him, but pleasures. As other minds are filled with plans of business, his was filled with plans for the improvement of the young; for the religious awakening of the sinful; for the rescue of the corrupted, the neglected, or exposed. He had the same enjoyment in witnessing the successful progress of any work which had for its object the moral or religious improvement of men, — the same relish and

taste for it, — which an artist has for the beautiful in nature or art; which a man of business has for seeing successful enterprises and thriving communities; or a scholar for exploring some new realm of knowledge. The whole bent of his mind was in that direction. Had he been in Judea, it is easy to think that he would have loved to follow Him who went about doing good. This characteristic pervaded the whole man. It was no matter of calculation, no exceptional emotion, no transient sentimentalism. Had any friend, after being absent a year or ten years, thought of the probable occupations of those whom he had left behind, he would have said, One is engaged in politics; another is occupied in quiet and retired pursuits; and, with equal certainty, he would have said of our friend, He is probably engaged enthusiastically about some new project of good. This tendency of character appeared in early life. At the age of eighteen, the leisure time which others give to pleasure, he devoted to the poor and their children. His interest in such works growing stronger every year, he sacrificed the prospects of worldly gain which were before him, in order that he might devote himself entirely to these labors, which he loved more; and the same feeling with which he began life, inspired and impelled him to the close.

My first personal acquaintance with him was just about eighteen years ago, and arose in connection with the Ministry at Large. I remember, almost as if it were yesterday, the interview. He explained at length his ideas respecting the true remedies of pauperism. He gave various details respecting his plans and labors, and all with an earnest enthusiasm which carried one's sympathies and convictions along with him. He made the impression of a man who had a noble object in life, to which he was altogether devoted; who knew distinctly what that object was; and who had the practical energy and good sense to accomplish it. Not long after, I had the privilege of accompanying him in one of his daily rounds of visits, through streets and lanes and alleys, to the dwellings of the poor. His way took him to cases of the most varied descriptions, — from the haunt of profligacy to the room of a crippled child; from the reformed inebriate, in his place of labor, to the bleak attic, high up blind and stumbling steps, where a mother was slowly dying. And everywhere his coming seemed to bring the sunshine. It was evident that somehow the most worthless had got the idea, that in

this lonely world he was their friend. He seemed to have an instinctive knowledge of what to do. Now it was a decisive direction to shiftless parents about their children; now, some practical counsel about work; now, some cheerful, encouraging words to a bedridden and desponding woman; now, some trifling memento, with a kind word, to a little child. Always it was the right thing. It was a strong man and a tender man, among those who needed tenderness to attract them, and who needed the strength on which to lean. There the character of our friend appeared.

Since then, I have had his friendship, and, for years past, more or less of his intimacy; and never, from that day to the last parting, did I hear a word, or see an act, inconsistent with that first impression. I allude to these personal reminiscences, because they enable me, better than by any general phrases, to portray the worth of him whom we have lost. In later years, we met, sometimes almost every day, and always with only brief intervals between. Our conversations had all the frankness of entire confidence; but, with him, they turned almost entirely on some plan or project for promoting the true good of those with whom he was related. His strong interests ran always in one direction, — the moral and religious improvement of society. He took little interest in politics; theoretical questions of philanthropy or theology had little hold on him; and, in the intimacy of years, I never heard him allude more than once or twice, and then casually, to his own secular affairs. But show a distinct evil or social want, where it was possible that something might be done, and where he could do something besides look on as a fault-finding spectator, and his countenance lighted up, and his heart rushed forth into action.

It was a part of this character, that he should carefully avoid wounding the characters of others. I never heard him say any thing to make one think the worse of a human being. Nor was this owing to that feeble charity which does not discriminate between right and wrong; nor was it owing to any want of courage to rebuke a wrongdoer face to face, when that was fitting to be done. He had a large knowledge of men, and had seen the evil and suffering in the world, and the disastrous fruits of sin, more than most; but he was not one who showed his benevolence by abusing or slandering those whom he thought in the wrong.

He had a real love of man; and, instead of dwelling on the defects and sins of others, his question was, whether they might in any way be encouraged to do better. He said nothing to the injury of others, because he thought only of how he might benefit them, — thought thus even of those who had injured him; and, when he saw no opportunity to do them good, he was apt to say nothing about them.

Our friend was essentially what is termed a practical man. He never speculated for the mere pleasure of speculation. All his thoughts went into acts. The nerves of the hand responded to those of the brain. In all discussions with his brethren, it was interesting to see how whatever was merely speculative seemed, in his mind, to drop off from the question; while, by a kind of instinct, he seized on that part which related to action. Perhaps he was liable to error in that direction, and did not always estimate highly enough the relation of more remote truths to ultimate practical results. But, however this may have been, this was his peculiarity; and it was one which bore admirable fruits.

His intense conviction of the importance of Christian truth partook of the same character. It was not merely a persuasion that it was true, but a conviction, deepened by his large acquaintance with human wants, that the reception of it as the guide of life was the only remedy for the evil and misery and sin which prevail. He valued it for its practical influence; because he saw and knew that it was the very power of God for the salvation of man. All plans, debates, and enterprises were brought up by him to the same test, — What do you propose to accomplish? and what can be accomplished under the circumstances? To secure his interest, these questions, and these only, had to be answered.

I have no doubt, that, in your relations with him, you had abundant evidence of this practical wisdom. I know that the perpetual question in his mind was, What can I do for the furtherance of those under my charge in Christian knowledge and virtue?

This practical judgment, which he so eminently possessed, led him to attach the importance which he did to sabbath-school instruction. It was his conviction, that, if men are to be Christians in manhood, they must have a Christian nurture in

childhood. No one was more anxious that the sinner should be converted from his evil ways, and live; but he believed it to be madness to neglect the child, and trust to the chance of conversion in after-years. There was nothing, therefore, in which his heart was more bound up than in the Sunday School; and no object which he more desired to see accomplished, than the establishment of the custom in our churches of giving the young a more thorough and careful Christian nurture.

This practical character had blended with it, to an extent which rendered it remarkable, a fresh and warm enthusiasm. To one who knew him little, this ardor and warmth might have seemed to be, what they sometimes are, a transient sentiment, and likely to die away when the occasion had passed. But it was the reverse of this. There are shallow and rapid streams, where the waters on the surface, as they dash over the rocks, catch the air, and flash in bubbles for a moment in the sun. The very shallowness is a cause of the sparkling and glancing tumult. There are other streams, deep and steady, and fed by fountains beneath, from which, ever and anon, the bubbles rise and drift silently away, showing only the depth and direction of the current. It was thus with our friend. The enthusiasm in words was merely accidental; betokening a steady, permanent earnestness of intention beneath. The feeling never died out. It was as ardent at the end of the year as at the beginning. It did not depend on the sympathy of others, but had its origin in his own most sacred convictions. Here lay his power. When other men grew cold in a good work, he was as earnest as ever, and either quickened them to renewed exertions, or drew new laborers into the vineyard. Nor was the enthusiasm confined to the general end. It was so superabundant, so fed from unfailing fires within, that it took hold of each particular case that bore on the main result. He did not merely form plans and theories about relieving pauperism in general; but, while engaged in this, his heart and mind were occupied with the one poor family thrown on his care, as much as if, for the moment, there had been no other in the world. He was not interested in Sunday Schools in general, merely; but his heart went out to every individual child with which he had to do. Thus all he undertook was undertaken in earnest. His enthusiasm inspired those around him. He went forward with such a hearty and victorious spirit, that others

could not help following; and in general, whatever plan of good he entered upon, he gave himself to it so unreservedly, that it rarely failed of being accomplished.

This practical tendency, united with this perennial warmth of interest in what he was about, gave a character to his public services. Without knowing, — for I do not remember to have heard him preach, — I should have expected, that, when treating of general subjects, with no special practical object in view, his best powers would not have been likely to be called forth. But, on those occasions when something was to be done; when he himself was roused to some good work, and there was need of arousing the sleeping or negligent interest of others, — he was endowed with a persuasive and awakening eloquence which belongs to few. The clear, practical perceptions, and the warm, earnest heart, there found their proper sphere; and few ever listened to him on such occasions, without feeling that he was one fitted to take a lead in good works.

Perhaps the best description which could be given of our friend would be to say, that he was in truth, in heart, and life, what he was in name, a Christian minister. It is not for me to speak of his special ministrations here, during almost a third part of his life, among you, his friends and brethren. I know that his days were filled with labor, that his heart was always warm, and that the great and constant thought with him was the benefit of those to whom he ministered. But all this you know better than I, and a thousand things beside, of which I can know nothing. Your meeting thus this day to pause on his virtues, is only an expression of the value which you placed upon his ministry.

But there were certain general views, of great importance, which governed his course, before as well as after he was connected with you, on which it may not be unprofitable to dwell.

I have said that our friend was a Christian minister. From early childhood, his tastes were in that direction. He was drawn to it by his affections; and the way was so opened for him, and the demand laid on him so clear and strong, that, in entering the ministry, he obeyed not only an interior call, but almost, it might seem, an outward voice of Providence. And his heart was in his work till his last day.

As one might have expected, he had no vague, undefined notions of what he was undertaking, but positive objects and a settled theory. Whatever good a minister does, it must, in most cases, be chiefly done in the society with which he is specially connected. Whatever he does elsewhere, he must start from that as the centre. In his view, the simply preaching from sabbath to sabbath was only one among various methods essential to those results for which a church is organized. If a society has no bond except the ownership of pews in the same church, and if nothing is done but to meet on Sunday to hear a favorite preacher, the society can have no existence as a living Christian body. Its members are but so many separate individuals, who meet in the same place to hear a discourse, as long as the preacher attracts them; but, at his departure or death, they crumble apart like a heap of sand. Our friend's theory was, that a society should be in itself a Christian body, — its members mutually helpful in the religious life; recognizing a close and sacred relation to one another; using their different gifts for one another's edification, and for the Christian training of the young; and, finally, that the spiritual life cherished by them in the church, should be manifested in works of benevolence towards their fellow-men. He believed that a church whose members took no interest in each other's religious welfare would lose the religious spirit; and that, if their faith did not appear in works of mercy and love, it would soon become a dry and sapless branch. For such reasons, it was his earnest desire to bring the members of a society together in friendly sympathies, and in mutual co-operation in good works, and to unite them as a Christian church, having objects far beyond the mere attendance on the ministrations of the sabbath. He then considered it essential that all who could engage in Christian works should do so. Especially, he endeavored to enlist the enthusiasm of the young in practical Christian offices, with the hope that the young men and young women might thus be trained up with enlarged and generous and Christian views of their duties to society. This was with him a primary point, — this training of the young to liberal, philanthropic, and Christian action. Without knowing the result, I have little doubt that the character of this society has been greatly influenced in this way. I should expect to find among you a large number of those in youth and early manhood

accustomed to take Christian views of their social duties, and to engage in them heartily and effectively. I should expect to find that large numbers who have gone abroad from this church, in the places where they reside, are among the most ready and active in all good works. I know that this was his hope; and, if he accomplished what he hoped, no nobler success could have rewarded devoted labors.

In his view, the Christian church was the great institution for regenerating the world. He strove in every way to develop its power for good, and to secure for it its true place and influence. In accordance with his general convictions, he thought that every young child should grow up a Christian, in its bosom. To him, the sabbath school was not an appendage to the church, but a vital part of its organization. He laid great stress on the Christian ordinances, and attached much value to social religious meetings. But all the different plans which he was so fertile in devising, and in which he was so anxious to enlist others, had one great end, — the building up of a true Christian church, in which men and women, young and old, should be mutual helpers of each other in the Christian life and in Christian duty.

I dwell on this, because I think that, almost more than any one among us, he here took hold of a great want, and endeavored to remedy a great and growing evil. The excitements of the times, the competitions of business, the multiplication of affairs, the numberless organizations of every description, are drawing men away from that organization which must, from the nature of the case, be the only permanent centre of Christian activity and influence, and whose decay must necessarily be followed by the general decay of Christian faith and the Christian spirit.

In saying, then, that he was a true Christian minister, I do not mean merely that he was a good man, discharging faithfully the duties prescribed in a certain traditional routine; but he had an elevated and enlarged view of the place of the Christian church, and he devoted himself to whatever promised to give Christianity greater efficiency in society.

And whatever he did, was done — it seemed sometimes almost instinctively — under the pressure and guidance of his warm, earnest, Christian convictions. He grew up in the midst of religious influences in childhood. His intimate friends in youth speak of him not only as of an unstained character, but as then

devoted, with all the ardor of an enthusiastic nature, to Christian works. There was never any change in his course. The same spirit governed his youth which governed his manhood. For more than thirty years, he actively co-operated with nearly every benevolent enterprise in this city, of a general kind, for the benefit of the poor, and for the improvement of the young. In many such enterprises, he had a controlling place and influence; and there are few, now living, who have done more to give a wise and effective direction to the benevolent activity among us. Some of those who acted with him from the beginning still live, active leaders in all good works. As they look back over so many years, they will feel that they have lost a brother not to be replaced on earth; and they can best tell the debt which this community owes to our friend.

I hardly know how to speak of his religious character; and the reason is, that it was so plain and obvious. His religion was nothing apart from himself, — a speculation or a form, — but was wrought into every fibre of his being. He was one who believed from the heart. Religion, with him, was so much a matter of happy experience; he had seen its power so much in others, and felt it so much in himself, — that he never had the doubts and misgivings which disturb merely speculative minds. His trust was as undoubting as that of a child. He walked in faith as confidently as in the light of the sun. He did not argue: religion was to him something which had got beyond the region of argument. Back of all his exhortations, and what gave them their meaning and their power, were a lifelong religious faith and experience.

His faith was simple. The practical character of his mind would probably have made it so. But his acquaintance with the needs of men in the great trials of life, his familiarity with all forms of want and trouble, of sin and of penitence, of fidelity and failure, had convinced him that the power of Christianity resides in its simplest truths, — as, indeed, he might well believe, if it be a religion for the humble and ignorant as well as the wise and strong, for the child as well as the sage. But those truths whose power he had seen subdue the hardened, and comfort the grief-stricken, and reclaim the guilty, and encourage the good, and inspire men with devout trust and reverence, like the daily light and air, entered into his very life; and what he himself

felt the worth of so intensely, he earnestly desired might be diffused abroad among others. He was thus ready to join heartily in all Christian methods of bringing men into an acquaintance with those views of God, of the Saviour, and of the future life, which, it seemed to him, no one could receive without being a regenerated man. It was this feeling that led him, when no other one, at the time, could be found, to entertain and finally adopt the idea of spending a year with the church in San Francisco; and this feeling was the one which guided his labors wherever he was called upon to preach the gospel.

Thus he continued to the end of his career. In most cases, I think that experience disposes us to place little reliance on the moral manifestations of the closing hours of life. As death approaches, the mind is sometimes stupefied by pain, sometimes bewildered by fever, and sometimes seems to share the weakness of the failing body. The bold, bad man may die with confident words on his lips; while the self-distrustful good man, though submitting himself devoutly to God's will, may have a sense of unworthiness stronger than the sentiment of hope. Above all, there is little reason to place confidence in deathbed changes and repentances, or in any exhibitions of character which are at variance with the preceding life. In no case do we pretend to sit in judgment on a fellow-mortal at that hour. That judgment we leave to Him who seeth the heart.

But sometimes death approaches slowly, and is long anticipated; and in such cases, when the same essential qualities of character appear, during the long weeks and months of sickness and pain, which had before been exhibited in the active duties of life, it is impossible to doubt that we see the real man. Sickness gives the same testimony to his character which had already been given by health. The essential consistency under such different circumstances shows that we have not misjudged him; and, when such a man, on the horizon of life, looking backward and before, in God's presence, bears witness to the worth of religious truth and the blessedness of a religious trust, we cannot help feeling that he speaks almost with a prophet's authority. Such, signally, was the close of our friend's mortal career.

What more I have to say, I should hesitate about repeating, except among those who loved him, and whom he loved. There can, however, be no impropriety in speaking here of the spirit

which he exhibited as his earthly ministry drew near its end; and it may not be unprofitable for you to know that the religion which he urged on your acceptance in life was his triumphant support and hope in death. You know the sickness of months, which early began to give omens of its fatal termination. You know how patiently — with what Christian fortitude and sweetness — he bore the long-continued pain and anguish of disease. For a long time, he was unable to see his friends; but he always had the conviction, that, before the end, there would be an interval of peace and relief, during which he might do whatever was essential. And that season came, continuing for many days. As far as his strength allowed, he sent messages to his friends; he made arrangements which he thought might be of service to those who were in any way connected with him; he remembered numberless little offices of kindness, and occupied himself in parting with those whom he loved. Among those friends who had the privilege of seeing him, it was my happiness to be one. I went at his request, but with a sad and heavy heart; for I knew it was to part with one who was dear to me. When I entered the chamber, he was asleep; and I sat for a time, silently, with her who had watched there so long and so tenderly the failing strength on which she had leaned. At length, he awoke, and I went to his side. At a gesture from him, the window curtain was withdrawn, letting in the light of the descending day on features worn and wasted, but which met the sun's light with a smile as peaceful and cheerful as its own. I know not how it was; but, with the first tone of the feeble voice, the sadness of the death-chamber was gone. He conversed for half an hour or more; and never had I seen him more tranquil, more cheerful, or with a mind more entirely composed. He said that he had wished to see me again, and referred to our past intercourse. He spoke of his departure, and said, "There is nothing to me fearful in death; it is a blessed hope we have before us." And to another he said, "I do not understand what is meant by the valley and shadow of death. It seems to me that there is no darkness, but that it is all light." In the course of our conversation, I said, "The faith which you thought good in health, you find does not fail you now." "Better," he replied, as his face lighted up, — "Better in sickness than in health! better even in death than in life!" "A simple faith,"

he said, — "God our Father, Christ the Saviour, and the Holy Spirit shed abroad in the heart. That is all that one needs here, or that can sustain one here. Trust in God through Christ." Then said he, "These speculations, and matters of strife, among Christians, here amount to nothing. One comes back here to the plain and simple faith as it is in Jesus." He then said, "Remember me to our brethren." One of them he had seen on the same day; and, referring to this, he said, "I would be glad to see all; but I have not strength. Give my love to them; and may God bless them!"

He then referred to his life. Said he, "I have had every thing to be grateful for, — wife, children, home, and the opportunities of useful labor. My lot has been always a happy one. I have nothing else to remember." Then he added, "My last sickness has sometimes been painful and distressing; but, as I have been lying here," — and his countenance brightened at the words, — "I have thought how much more our Saviour suffered for us; and it has seemed to me that my sufferings were a small matter." Then he said, referring to the new office which he had undertaken, "I had some plans which I hoped to have carried out; but others will do the work better than I. I hoped to do something for the young. But I have only to be thankful that God has allowed me to do what I have done." He spoke of California. Said he, "My only object in going there was to serve my Master. Yes," said he, "the sole purpose for which I went was in the service of my Master." I made no reply; but those who knew him best, needed no assurance of that.

He then again referred to his brethren in the ministry, and again said, "Give my love to them," mentioning one or two by name. Then, repeating it, he said, "Give my love to the Ministers at Large," referring particularly to one with whom he had been much connected. And then he added, what seemed to me in beautiful consistency with his life, the earliest interests of his opening manhood lingering in his latest thoughts, "God bless the Ministers at Large! God bless the poor! God bless the children!" He then referred to his burial, of which he had already spoken to the brother who had left him not long before, "Arrange it between you," he said, "only let it be very simple, — perfectly simple, — here, at home, and very simple." He then said with the same bright look, "I want once more in this world to join

with you in prayer to our heavenly Father;" and with that service, we parted. Many things more, of course, were said; but all in the same tone, all with the same cheerful trust. It was a Christian's deathbed, and its beauty consisted in the fact that it was the natural, simple close of a Christian life.

With all the sad thoughts that I brought away, the whole scene was one full of cheerfulness and hope. It was such a death as seemed the fitting conclusion of such a life. It was a death which raised the thoughts to a higher life. Though his body be laid away in the grave, it is not as being there that we shall think of him; but as among the good and the pure whose society he loved, and as engaged in the ministries of Him in heaven, whom he served on earth. The snows may fall on his grave, the spring renew its blossoms above it, and the autumn may cast its leaves upon it, and those who loved him visit it with tender memories; but he is not there. He has passed before us to a better country, leaving his example to inspire those who remain.

May I add that, as it seemed to me, here was what we so rarely witness, a completed life? Here was one who had really done, as far as our eyes see, the very work which had been given him to do; who had used his whole faculties, and seized on all opportunities, in the service of his Master, while the vigor of his powers remained; and who, before his strength failed, but at the time when he might soon expect to be hindered by growing infirmities, was called away; the sun sinking calmly, peacefully, but in full-orbed brightness. Many lives are wasted; they are misplaced, faculties are misdirected, opportunities are suffered to go past; but it seemed as if our friend had been faithful from the beginning, both in the use of talents and opportunities. Nor was his work an unimportant one. Acting in concert with others, he has left a deep impression on the permanent institutions of this community. His influence is felt, and will long be felt in all the best methods for remedying the evils of pauperism, for helping the poor, for the religious nurture of the young, and the promotion of Christian truth and a Christian spirit in the denomination with which he was connected.

Henceforth his voice shall no more be heard in this place. Others will take up the ark which he has set down, and will bear it forward. But he will no longer be with you. You will miss

him in the social meeting for prayer and praise; you will miss him in the sabbath school; you will miss a wise and sympathetic friend in your private troubles and perplexities. You will listen in vain for his step entering your sick-chamber. You will no longer have him to lead the way in good works. Others shall enter into the vineyard, to carry forward the same Christian ends; but his work is over; and, as far as they are concerned who have been long associated with him, a vacant space is made by his death which cannot be filled. So long as you live, you will not cease to recall the memory of a true Christian pastor and friend. But let not the thoughts rest in the past. Let the memory of the departed encourage and inspire you. The day hastens when we who travelled the journey of life side by side with him, his companions and friends, will be called to follow him. When that day comes, may it find us possessing the same peaceful trust and hope which illumined his dying bed! And may it be said of us, as our hearts prompt us to say of him, He has done the work given him to do! Over the tombs of all of us may it be truly inscribed, "I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in the last day."

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

A Universal and Critical Dictionary of the English Language.
By JOSEPH E. WORCESTER, LL.D. Boston: Jenks, Hickling, & Swan. — This is the edition of 1854. In the modern contests over dictionaries, it has unfortunately come about, that a commendation of one lexicographer, however cordial and unqualified it may be, is commonly regarded as good for nothing unless it is accompanied by a disparagement of his rival. We have, at present, nothing to say — and therefore shall say nothing — of Noah Webster. Our business is with Mr. Worcester and his publishers. We have no hesitation in recording, not only our profound sense of the learning and accuracy of the work before us, but our deference to it as the highest authority we have in the orthography of the English language, and one of the highest in the definition of

its terms. We suppose that it is followed by a majority of the *most* competent critics and *most* accomplished writers among us. In an open question, as between Worcester and any other, we should feel obliged to bow to him as to the judicial voice. And, if a superior court of the authors of New England were to be convened on this question, we presume this would be their decision. We do not always spell according to Worcester's standard, because we suppose the spelling of our language is a shifting, and not a fixed, science. But, when we go to *any* standard, it must be to Worcester's. No scholar's library is complete, without this full, admirable, various volume.

One of its most valuable departments is the pronouncing vocabulary of modern *geographical* names, requiring constant reference in these days, when daily news from all parts of the world puts the names of all places on the planet upon our lips. Then there are the rules and dissertations on the proper names of the Scripture and the classics, with the lists, initial and terminational, and six elaborate dissertations on the Principles of Pronunciation, Orthography, English Grammar, Formation of the English Language, Archaisms, Provincialisms, and Americanisms, History of English Lexicography, a Catalogue of Dictionaries, and a table of the prepositions properly connected with different verbs. If our young scholars studied Worcester more, and "flash" novels less, it would probably be for the purity of our literature as well as our morals.

Letters to a Young Christian. — This admirable little summary of Christian counsels has only impressed us with a deeper sense of its value, by a more intimate acquaintance, since our former notice. The qualifications of our full and cordial approbation of it would be too slight to need mentioning. Every pastor would do well to keep a pile of copies in his study for distribution among his flock. The Boston publisher is S. K. Whipple.

The Awakening. S. K. Whipple. — This wonderful and beautiful glimpse into the other world, recorded by THEREMIN, the eloquent Prussian preacher and professor, may possibly have been seen by some of our readers. These, and all who shall once see it, will be glad to preserve it in its present neat and convenient form.

We are disappointed in being obliged to postpone several notices of books; but they will appear in the next number.